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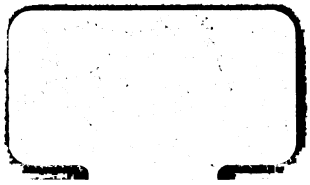

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MONMOUTHSHIRE.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNTS

OF

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE

OF

RAGLAND CASTLE,

INCLUDING A

VARIETY OF OTHER PARTICULARS,

DESERVING THE STRANGER'S NOTICE,

RELATING TO

THAT MUCH-ADMIRED RUIN,

AND ITS

NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE WHOLE NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS AND UNQUESTIONABLE AUTHORITIES.

BY CHARLES HEATH, PRINTER, MONMOUTH.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY HIM, IN THE MARKET PLACE;

SOLD ALSO AT ALL THE TOWNS IN THE COUNTY.

1806.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
93999
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1898

ADDRESS.

I SHOULD wrong thoſe feelings the patronage of the public have excited, by its approbation of my labours, if I were to permit this NEW edition of Ragland Caſtle to appear, without returning the Travellers over Monmouthſhire every degree of acknowledgment my due obligations can frame.

Proud as I am of their attentions, my love for the ſubject will never admit the ſunſhine of their favor to poſſeſs my mind either with apathy or indifference for the continuance of their good opinion; but will, as it hitherto hath done, inſpire me with freſh zeal, during my intervals of leiſure, for promoting whatever may in future intereſt the reader, by endeavouring to open new ſources of information, connected with his progreſs through this much-admired county. Nor can I give him a better aſſurance of the truth of my aſſertion, than by declaring, that, except among a few families of fortune round the place of my reſidence, whoſe civilities were almoſt involuntary, I never took pains to diſpoſe of a ſingle copy of any of theſe topographical publications; for being conſidered by me, in deſpite of all my induſtry,—and it has coſt me "many a WEARY ſtep" to collect my materials,—as ſtill imperfect for general circulation, I diſmiſſed them from my mind, under the hope, that, if my life ſhould be protracted, time and a further intercourſe with the better informed part of ſociety, might induce me to give them to the world in a form and ſtate of correctneſs more compatible with that regard I entertain for the different objects of notice, to which they owe their origin; and though they have been ſanctioned with the approbation of gentlemen, whoſe good opinion I juſtly appreciate,—yet, wanting my own concurrence, I have rigidly adhered to my determination.

Convinced that no ſtranger of taſte can tread the Courts of this Caſtle, without being awake to its hiſtory, ſome extracts from RARE and curious books, as tending to confirm my authorities, have been inſerted; and though they have ſomewhat increaſed the ſize of the work, they will ſave him ſome (probably fruitleſs) ſearch, as they were only to be obtained, after many years of the moſt active inquiries. No perſon wants to be told of the 'beauty of the ſcenery around him;' but events connected with the fall of the Caſtle, inſtantly aſſimilate with his inquiries. To the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Hillgrove, I beg to expreſs my moſt ſincere obligations, —and that you, Sir, may long continue to enjoy your 'Arcadian regions,' with "Pleaſure in the way we like it," is the ſincere wiſh of your much obliged friend, C. HEATH. June 24, 1806.

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THE ROAD FROM MONMOUTH TO RAGLAND.

☞ It may be necessary to inform the Stranger, that from Monmouth to Abergavenny, by way of Ragland, is two miles further than the direct line of communication; but it is an excellent turnpike road, and in the village is a very good Inn, where carriage and other company will meet with good wines, poſt chaiſes, and pleaſant accommodations.

AMONG the many Agrarian Fortresses scattered over this part of the kingdom, the ancient residences of distinguished families, which still rear their ivy-mantled heads, and, tho' silently, yet forcibly, remind us of the instability of human grandeur, there is not one more worthy the traveller's attention than Ragland Castle.

In surveying the generality of these edifices, we are left in doubt or obscurity respecting either their founders, or families who resided in them; their uses, or the hands which shivered them into ruins; but in walking round THIS Castle, every part may be so distinctly traced, and its purposes so immediately applied, that imagination has nothing to conjecture. Indeed, the events which produced its fall are of so recent a date, that they may be said to exist—at least till very lately—in the memories of many inhabitants of the village and its neighbourhood.

It is situated about 8 miles from Monmouth, near the road between thence and Abergavenny,—gives name to one of the Hundreds of the county, and the dignity of a Baron to the honours of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort.

On leaving Monmouth, the road leads for near two miles through a pleasant inclosed valley, skirted by gentle swellings, cloathed or cultivated to their summits; but gaining the higher grounds at

WONASTOW,

the view unfolds itself in a beautiful and extensive manner, over a rich and fertile country, bounded by the Breconshire and other mountains; among which the Blorens, Yscarith-fawr,* and the Sugar-loaf, make the most prominent appearance.

Wonastow is derived from *St. Wona*, the name of an Ancient-British Saint,—who probably had a Cell here, and *Stowe*, Saxon, which signifies a 'place or dwelling.' It is called, in the Welch language *Llan-warrow*, which corresponds with its original meaning.

This estate, which, in point of rental, ranks amongst the FIRST in MONMOUTHSHIRE, formerly belonged to the MILBORNE family; till by the marriage of MARY (sole heiress), to Thomas Swinnerton, esq. of Butterton-hall, in the county of Stafford, it became his property. We are extremely sorry to add, that this Lady died in 1795, leaving issue three daughters.

* Yscarith Fawr fignifieth in Welch, "the great separation,"—and is fo called, to diftinguifh it from others of lefs prominency near it. The Sugar-loaf mountain is fo named, from its conical form.

On

On the site of the family mansion (lately taken down) Mr. Swinnerton has erected a handsome house, and is now further modernizing the premises,— which, when completed, will prove a great ornament to this part of the country.

Over the gateway, at some height, is preserved a large stone, lately restored by Mr. Swinnerton, on which the following arms are quartered, viz.

Parte per pale, 3 lions rampant.—Herbert.
Three pike, 2 and 1, hauriant.
Three escallop ſhells. Milborne.
A lion rampant, regardant.

They are decorated with the Herbert supporters,—and the crest of Prince Drynbennog, " A head, the neck enwrapped with snakes."

Elm and other timber, the growth of very many years, added a beauty, as well as value, to the property; but from the high prices given for that article, a large portion of them have lately bowed their towering heads to the all-powerful stroke of the woodman.

The grounds near the road from Monmouth to Wonastow, are planted with chesnut trees; which, when in blossom, have a cheerful appearance in the early part of the year. It was a favorite tree with the late Mr. Milborne, to whose care they are indebted for their present situations.

THE PARISH CHURCH,

Is situated close to the mansion; but it is a very small one, consisting only of a nave without side isles, and a low

low tower adjoining to the West end. In the Chancel, is a mural monument to the memory of George Milborne, esq. who died in 1637;—and on the pillar that supports the centre arch of the church, within the reading desk, is an inscription, in Saxon character,—probably the name of the builder of the church, or that of some person interested in the erection.

About two miles from Wonastow, and in the same parish, stands

TRE-OWEN,—A NOBLE MANSION.

The name is derived from the Welch, which signifies *Owen's House* or *Home*,—in all probability called after the original owner, and has continued to be so to the present day.

The late William Jones, esq. of Clytha, whose family descended from the proprietors of this place, furnished a pedigree of his family (inserted in Mr. Williams's History of Monmouthshire), from king Henry I.—1100—down to himself and nephew, John Jones, esq. of Lanarth Court, in whose possession it now remains.

The last of the family, that made it a residence, was Sir Philip Jones, knt. lieut.-colonel of the troops raised in Monmouthshire for king Charles I. This gentleman, his lady, and family, were in Ragland castle with the marquis of Worcester, when it surrendered to the Parliament forces,—since which time it appears to have been tenanted by farmers, who rented the estate.

It

It occupies a commanding situation, being placed on the top of a ridgy hill, from whence are surveyed some of the most beautiful parts of Monmouthshire.

The approach to the house is through a narrow lane; but surrounded as it is with out-buildings, it makes no figure from this aspect, till we enter close upon it.

A lofty porch, with double pilasters on each side, fluted, and rich carved capitals, ornament the chief front; over which, in the centre, is placed a square stone, charged with the armorial bearings of nine different noblemen and other characters, formerly of high rank and interest in this county:

1. Parte per pale, three lions rampant. Herbert. [Afterwards created Earls of Pembroke.]
2. A feſſe lozengy. Bernard Newmark, Lord of Brecknock.
3. A chevron between three buck's heads. An eſcutcheon charged with a bugle horn ſtringed. Sir Pierce Huntley.
4. Two ravens, and file of 4 points. Corbet of Alenceſter.
5. A croſs with five mullets pierced. Blethyn Broadſpear.
6. A maunch. Haſtings, Earl of Pembroke.
7. Two bendlets. Milo, Earl of Hereford.
8. Three fleur de lys. The heireſs of Gwerndee, married to Proger, whoſe arms he bore, ſhe being a great heireſs.
9. A feſſe, and file of 4 points.

The CREST,—A female head crined.*

Unmeaning figures, also carved in stone, designed for ornament, contribute to the embellishments, which are in good preservation.

* The kindness of the late William Jones, esq. permitted me to appropriate theſe Arms, by comparing them with the pedigree of his family, before mentioned.

Through

Through this porch you enter a wide passage, that divides the ground floor. On the left side is the present kitchen, which is of such a height, that the occupier is obliged to make use of a *long ladder* to take the *delicious gammon* off the hook on which it is suspended.

The principal room, on the right hand, is near fourteen yards long, and seven wide; the beams are supported by four stone pillars, and the cornices ornamented with a curious frieze. At the lower end are the letters W. I.—1627, carved upon the ancient oak wainscoat, the initials of one of its former owners.

A correspondent dignity pervaded the whole house. A STAIRCASE,* *two yards wide*, consisting of *seventy-two steps*, with worm balustrades, each near twelve inches in circumference, the hewels on the quarter spaces two feet round, *the whole of solid oak*, which still remains perfect, led to the bed-chambers; but the rooms on the upper floors are all converted into more convenient apartments, for the use of the tenant's family.

The principal front was much higher than it now appears; but the roof falling to decay, it was taken down, which is the reason of its being lower than the back part of it.

The pleasure grounds, which surrounded the house, are converted into farm lands; and the fish-ponds, of which there were several, are all drained, their dam heads having been cut through, in which state they now remain.

* I think there is not, taken altogether, such another in the kingdom.

In

In short, EVERY PART seems to have been laid out on such an EXTENSIVE scale, as to give reason for supposing, that when it was occupied by Mr. Jones's ancestors, it was one of the most beautiful seats in this county.

But, alas, a kindred fate seems to await the generality of these mansions. Ill suited for the accommodation of persons of fortune of the present day, they are let to farmers, for whose purposes they are equally inconvenient. The duty attached to a multiplicity of windows (with which they abound), and other circumstances, induce them to call in the aid of the mason, who soon pulls down, or stops up, whatever may be deemed useless or superfluous, regardless of the grandeur or beauty which might recommend it to protection.

Yet, under all the dilapidations which these edifices suffer, from rude and ignorant hands, SOMETHING, to the eye of observation, still remains, *to tell the tale.* As the MANNERS of a gentleman are always discernible, however clouded, or obscured, his exterior may be, by a reverse of fortune.

++++++++++

There was living at Staenton (in Glocestershire) near Monmouth, in the year 1796, a widow woman, of the name of Lucy Reynells, at the very advanced age of *One Hundred and Nine Years!* whom curiosity prompted the writer, and to whom she gave the following account:—She was the daughter of John and Mary Jane, and born at Tre-Owen, her parents occupying the farm. In directing

directing his enquiries to the state of the mansion when they lived there, she said, "*It was a brave place*,"—and on wishing her to describe, What space of ground it occupied? replied, "The buildings extended as far as the edge of the present turnpike road."

[This assertion the present tenant of Tre-Owen does not wholly believe, though stones of a large size are lying about very near it, which, from their shape, seem to have been used for building purposes. But Mr. Jones, of Clytha, informed me, that a considerable part of the buildings have been taken down within his memory.]

The fish-ponds, above mentioned, were all destroyed before her time, nor could she point out any thing else relating to it, more than is already noticed.

She was a woman of short stature—rather inclined to corpulency, but possessed the faculty of memory, hearing, and speech, in wonderful perfection, replying to questions with a quickness and fluency of utterance bordering on rapidity,—and her voice was both full, clear, and distinct, as those who attended on her (and particularly if her meals were not duly served,) could amply vouch for. Neither her hands, fingers, or nails, were shrivled or contracted, but remained as fine and as soft as a lady's, who had been exempted all her life from the most trifling domestic duties. She had been deprived of her sight some years, for which misfortune she received a pension of Ten Pounds per annum, from that benevolent institution the Emanuel Hospital in London.

Under

Under the same roof with the old Lady lived—Her daughter, her grand-daughter, and great-grand-children, (the latter a beautiful and healthy little flock,) making *four generations in one house!*

A few days after the Writer saw her, she walked out for the benefit of the air; but, through rejecting all aid in being led, she fell over the step of the door on her return into the house, which brought on an illness, that (after lingering two months,) terminated in her death. Had not this accident happened, there is just reason for thinking, her life would have been protracted to a very great extent of years. She was in such good health and spirits at the time this visit was paid, that he promised himself a frequent repetition—but who can say that "to-morrow shall be a day of happiness."

With regard to public events,—she well remembered the rejoicing in England on the accession of Queen Anne to the throne of these realms, in the year 1702.

She lived in the reigns of FIVE Monarchs, viz. King William and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, Kings George I. II. and III. and if born before Feb. 13, 1689 under SIX, because that would include James II.

Passing the bridge over the river TROTHY, at the bottom of the hill, we enter the parish of

DINGATSTOW,

which word is derived from DINGAT, the name of a *Saint*, and STOW [Saxon] a place or dwelling; who like Saint Wona, at the parish before described, probably had a

Cell here. It is called in Welch Llandingat, which may be deemed corresponding testimony of its derivation, it signifying the Church of St. Dingat,—but now corrupted to *Dinnestow.*

In a schedule of the estates of William earl of Pembroke, beheaded at Northampton, taken in the 8th of Edward IV. (1469) he is there said to have died seized of the Castle and Lordship of Dingatstow, in the marches of Wales, among other large possessions in this part of the kingdom.

The castle was situated on the north side of the church, and in the memory of man a remaining part was inhabited by a farmer of the name of Anthony; but it has since been pulled down, and the stones hauled away to mend the turnpike road, so that a vestige of it does not now remain, nor is the site but partially remembered.

But what renders Dingatstow memorable is, its being the birth-place and residence of *Richard Jones*, esq. a distinguished character, whom the inhabitants of Monmouthshire familiarly called

HAPPY DICK.

He was the son of Richard Jones, esq. of Dingatstow Court, who possessed about six hundred pounds a year in the parish and neighbourhood, to which he succeeded. Having lived a gay life, he chose, at the latter part of it, to marry Miss Milborne, of Wonastow, a maiden lady, aged 60, who enjoyed a fortune of ten thousand pounds;—which connexion, tho' it produced no offspring, gave birth to the following excellent

SONG.

SONG.

HOW comes it, neighbour Dick,
That you, with taſte uncommon,
Have ſerv'd the girls this trick,
And wedded an old woman?
Happy, happy, Dick!*
Each belle condemns the choice
Of a youth ſo gay and ſprightly;
But we, your friends, rejoice
That you have judg'd ſo rightly,
Happy, happy, Dick!
Though odd to ſome it ſounds
That on threeſcore you ventured;
Yet, in ten thouſand pounds
Ten thouſand charms are centred,
Happy, happy, Dick!
Beauty, you know, will fade,
As does the ſhort-liv'd flower;
Nor can the faireſt maid
Enſure her bloom an hour,
Happy, happy, Dick!
But wiſely you reſign,
For ſixty, charms ſo tranſient;
As the curious value coin
The more for being ancient,
Happy, happy, Dick!
Obſerving hence, by you,
In marriage ſuch decorum,
Still wiſer youths ſhall do
As you have done before 'em,
Happy, happy, Dick!
With joy your ſpouſe ſhall ſee
The fading beauties round her;
While ſhe herſelf ſhall be
The ſelf-ſame thing you found her,
Happy, happy, Dick!
Oft is the marriage ſtate
With jealouſy attended;
And hence, through foul debate,
Are nuptual joys ſuſpenped,
Happy, happy, Dick!
But you with ſuch a wife
No jealous fears are under,
She's yours alone for life—
Or much we all ſhall wonder,
Happy, happy, Dick!
Her death would grieve you ſore
But let not that torment you;
My life, ſhe'll ſee fourſcore,
If that will but content you,
Happy, happy, Dick!
On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in child-bed die
Unleſs the Devil's in her,
Happy, happy, Dick!
Some have the name of HELL
To matrimony given:
How falſely you can tell,
Who find it ſuch a heav'n,
Happy, happy, Dick!
Each day of yours, and night,
Is crown'd with joy and gladneſs,
While envious virgins bite
Their hatred ſheets for madneſs,
Happy, happy, Dick!
With ſpouſe long ſhare the bliſs
You'd miſs in any other;
And when you've buried this,
May you have ſuch another!
Happy, happy, Dick!

* He was ever after the publication of theſe Lines called Happy Dick.

The

The author's name was Gwynn, who, before he came to Monmouth, resided in London; but enjoying a very indifferent state of health, the Haberdasher's Company, trustees to the charity, appointed him second master of the Free Grammar School in this town.

It was frequently sung at convivial meetings in Monmouth, though time is fast hurrying the *point* of it to oblivion: nor is it less singular than true, that instead of feeling *hurt*, as many people would, at being made the subject of a laughable ballad, *no man enjoyed the wit, or sung the lines with greater glee, than the character on whom they were written.*

Of his behaviour to his Lady, the public report is not very creditable; for after taking possession of her property, he is said to have disclaimed all further connexion, and not to have lived with her a second day under the same roof.

At the decline of his life, as he survived his monied partner (whose property he held only during her existence), he sold his estate to Mr. Jam. Duberly, Soho square, London; and for 1000*l.* of the purchase money Mr. George Catchmayd, attorney, Monmouth, granted him an annuity of one hundred pounds; after which, he retired to Usk, where he built himself a house; but just as it was finished for his reception, he paid the debt of Nature, in the 74th year of his age.

Whether Mr. Gwynn thought his memory deserving of public record, cannot now be ascertained; but a Bard, of no mean talent, has given him the following character, by way of

AN

AN EPITAPH:

"The feast is ended, and the reck'ning's paid,
"And underneath once HAPPY DICK is laid;
"Doom'd there to keep an everlasting fast,
"Who reign'd on earth sole arbiter of taste;
"All that was dainty smoak'd upon his board,*
"His friends regal'd, and treated like a lord;
"But when he found his life grew near the dusk,
"He left the world, and hid himself in USK;
"And should the Reader ask,—The reason why?
"'Twas to *forget* to EAT, and *learn* to DIE!"

Mr. JONES had much in his appearance of the ancient yeomanry of England: he was a fine athletic figure, stood 6 feet 3 inches high, and well proportioned. Fond of the amusements of the country, he excelled in field sports, particularly shooting, (being reckoned one of the *first shots* in the neighbourhood) to which diversion, in the season, he devoted a great portion of his time.

The writer expected to have met with some Portrait's of Mr. Jones's family; but sorry he is to relate, that, tho' the rooms contained a great many, from want of care they either were suffered to decay, or else torn down, and the frames made use of to light the fires.

* It is true that Mr. Jones was an avowed disciple of Epicurus;—but no man dispensed the luxuries of their table to their friends with a more generous heart than himself. Some goblets and wine glasses, formerly belonging to him, were preserved by the late Mr. William Duberly, of Monmouth,—from which, in that beverage their former owner loved, I at my friend's table have drank, in HAPPY moments, to his equally HAPPY memory.

The

The house is situated near the road side, and, while Mr. Duberly possessed it, a considerable sum of money was spent in modern improvements, which has rendered it a pleasant residence. He also enlarged the property, by the purchase of considerable estates adjacent. At his decease the whole devolved to five daughters, joint heiresses, with whom it continued till the year 1800, when it was sold to

SAMUEL BOSANQUET, ESQ.
Forest House, Epping,

Who has further improved the premises for his Summer residence.

The South aspect, now a fine lawn, was, in Mr. Jones's days, a very large orchard, and some of the trees are here and there remaining. At the bottom of this orchard, was a spacious fish-pond, which covered two acres and a half of ground, with others of less size, richly stocked with fish, and on it Mr. Jones kept a pleasure boat, for the amusement of himself and visitors. These ponds are now converted into meadow land, though the forms are still remaining.

During the troublesome times of Charles I. Mr. Jones's ancestors appeared to have sided with the Royal Cause; for among the Gentlemen who suffered in this county for their attachment to his Majesty, Mr. Richard Jones, of this place, is said to have lost *three hundred pounds.*

At the above Period, the fish in the Ponds were sold, by the Parliament forces, for fifty pounds.

THE

THE PARISH CHURCH

Is situated in a valley, and near the river Trothy, surrounded by fine meadow and corn lands; but it is a mean building, and has nothing to attract the eye of curiosity, consisting only of a nave without side-isles. —From its very simple construction, I judge it to be of considerable antiquity.

About a mile to the northward of the church, and in this parish, stand the remains of a monastery, called

GRACE DIEU;

Or the Abbey of God's Grace, on the River Trothy: A small Abbey, of the Cistercian order, built in the year 1226 [10 Henry III.], by John of Monmouth, knt. to the honour of the Blessed Virgin. Here were, 26 Henry VIII. [1535] only two monks, and possessions to the value of 19*l* 4*s* 4*d* per annum, according to Sir William Dugdale, but 26*l* 1*s* 4*d* in the whole, according to a MS. in the First Fruits office. It was granted 37 Henry VIII. [1546] to Thomas Herbert and William Bretton. It is called, at the present day,

"PARKERS DIEU,"

Being a corruption of *par grace Dieu*. The estate now belongs to T. Evans, esq. Langattock, near Monmouth; but the buildings have been converted into a dwelling house, and are occupied by Mr. Cummins, who rents the farm.

The Convent Seal is in the possession of John P. Lorymer, esq. Perthyre, near Monmouth.

A short distance from Dingatstow Court, on the right hand side of the road, stands

TY-MAWR,

which, in Welch, signifies "the Great House." Whatever it might have been it is now reduced to a plain dwelling, and occupied by Mr. Roberts, who rents the estate.

THE ARTHEE,

Which is situated in the parish of Tregare, near the road where we turn for Ragland, is also occupid by a farmer, who holds the estate under Mrs. Chaworth, sister to the late Mrs. Pytt, of Ragland.

Both the above houses and estates were formerly the property and residences of the Williams family, people of great respectability,—branches of the house of Lanfoist, near Abergavenny, in this county.

THE WELL THAT SUPPLIED RAGLAND CASTLE WITH WATER.

In a field adjoining the road, on the left hand, after passing the sixth mile stone, stands the building which enclosed the Well, and within it the Well which supplied Ragland Castle with water,—from which it is distant near two miles. In confirmation of this assertion, many of the PIPES, which conveyed it, have been ploughed up in the fields in which they were laid, not only by former occupiers of the Castle Farm, but also by Mr. T. Daniel, the present tenant. These pipes were of two sorts, viz. lead and earthen-ware; but many of them

them were purposely dug up, and sold by the Chief Carpenter, to the late Duke of Beaufort's father.

Mr. Daniel was so obliging as to favor me with a piece of this pipe,—which is made of clay, but so well and judiciously burnt, that though it had lain under ground some centuries, would still defy the injuries of time and weather for ages to come. Judging from the part in my possession, they appear to have been made with *bell mouths*, and fixed one within the other. It measures ten inches in circumference,—the diameter of the bore two inches, which would throw about 200 gallons of water per minute. No opinion can be formed of their length from the above fragment, it being only four inches.

It appears to me that Sir Thomas Fairfax was unacquainted with the circumstance of the Castle drawing its supply of so necessary an article from this source, though distant only a mile from his camp. That this was probable, there is good reason for thinking, because, without doubt, he would have destroyed it during the siege, had he known of it; whereas it is now quite perfect, except the roof, which, being decayed by time, might have been taken down, to prevent its falling in.

THE WARRAGE.

The farm house beyond the Well is called the *Warrage*, from its being the place where the *Army Horses* were kept belonging to the Castle, until brought from thence into the garrison previous to the siege.

From hence a very pleasant road conducts us to Ragland.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

ACCOUNTS

OF

RAGLAND CASTLE.

THIS Castle was built by Sir William Thomas, and his son William Earl of Pembroke, beheaded at Banbury. It came into the noble family of Worcester by Sir Charles Somerset's marrying Elizabeth, the grandchild of the said William Earl of Pembroke, heir to his son William Earl of Huntingdon, and heir-general to all the Herberts in England. This Sir Charles Somerset was *the First Earl of Worcester* of this line.

The Castle is situated on a hill, called, before the Castle was built, TWYN-Y-CIROS, which signifieth, in Welch, the CHERRY HILL. When in its splendor it was reckoned one of the finest buildings in England.

In a direct line were three Gates; the first of brick, from which, at the distance of one hundred and eighty feet, by the ascent of many steps, was the White Gate, built of square stone, one hundred and fifty feet from the Castle.

* The Pedigree, and an Inscription on a Stone in Abergavenny Church, say, he was beheaded at Northampton, and buried in Tintern Abbey.

At

At some distance, on the left side, stands

THE TOWER MELIN Y GWENT,*

(THE YELLOW TOWER OF GWENT)

Which for height, strength, and neatness, surpassed most, if not every other tower, in England or Wales. It had six outsides; that is, it was of a sexangular form, each thirty-two feet broad, the walls ten feet thick, all made of square stone, well built, in height five stories, and commanded a delightful view of the surrounding country. Its battlements being but eight inches thick, were soon broken by the shot of great guns; but the tower itself received little or no damage, from bullets of eighteen and twenty pounds weight, at the rate of sixty shot a day.

This tower was joined to the Castle by a sumptuous arched bridge, encompassed about with an out-wall, with six arched turrets, with battlements, all of square stone, adjoining to a deep moat thirty feet broad, wherein was placed an artificial Water Work; which spouted up water to the height of the Castle.

Next unto it was a pleasant walk, set forth with several figures of the Roman Emperors, in arches of divers varieties of shell work.

Within the walls and the green adjoining (then the Bowling Green, being twelve feet higher than the walk,) on the right hand, was a Garden Plat, answerable in

* Monmouthshire was anciently called "Gwent," or "Gwentland."

pro-

proportion to the Tower. Next unto this Plat stood the Stables and Barns, lately built like a small town.

The Castle Gate hath a fair square Tower on each side, with battlements, having four arched rooms one above the other, conjoined over the gates with two arches, one above the other.

Within this Gate was the

PITCHED STONE COURT,

One hundred and twenty feet long, and fifty-eight broad. On the right side thereof was the Closet Tower: like the former, it had three arched rooms of eighteen feet in the clear inside every way. Straight forward was the way to

THE KITCHEN TOWER,

Of six outsides, each twenty-five feet broad: the Kitchen twenty-five feet in the clear inside, and about twenty feet high, having two chimnies, besides the boiler; the Wet Larder under it arched, of the same bigness, and the room above likewise done.

About the middle of this Pitched Stone Court was the Passage into

THE STATELY HALL,

Sixty-six feet long, and twenty-eight broad, having a rare geometrical roof, built with Irish oak, with a large cupola on the top for light; besides a compass window, sixteen feet high in the light, and as much in compass, with two or three large windows more at the upper end. On the right side was the way to the Parlour, being forty-

forty-nine feet long, and twenty-one feet broad, which was noted as well for the fair inside wainscots, and curious carved figures, as also for the rare and artificial stone-work of the flat arch, in a large and fair compass window on the south side, beaten down by the enemy's great guns; and two great windows at each end. Before the entrance into the Parlour, on the right side, were the stairs to

THE DINING ROOM,

Of the same proportion as the Parlour. On the other side was the door to

THE GALLERY,

One hundred and twenty-six feet long, having many fair windows, but the most pleasant was the window at the farthest end.

That part of the Castle standing out like a tower, being about sixty feet high, was the most pleasant for for aspect. Under the stairs was the way to the BEER CELLAR, forty-nine feet and an half long, and fifteen broad:—Then to the WINE CELLAR, forty-three feet and and an half long, and sixteen feet and an half broad. There were three Cellars more, one as large as the former, all well arched. At the lower end of the Hall was the BUTTERY, thirty-two feet long and eighteen broad:—Next unto it the PANTRY, of like bigness.

At the entrance of the Hall, straight forward by the CHAPEL, forty feet long, on the left hand, was

A LARGE

A LARGE COURT,

One hundred feet long, and sixty feet broad, particularly arched and carved like the Paved Court; very remarkable not only for the curious carved stone work of the walls and windows, but also for the pleasant

MARBLE FOUNTAIN,

In the midst thereof, called

THE WHITE HORSE,

Continually running with clear water. Thence through a fair gate, under a large square tower, artificially arched with carved stone works, over a Bridge, forty feet long, with two arches, is the way to

THE BOWLING GREEN,

Two hundred and sixty feet long, and seventy-seven broad; much admired by his late Majesty [King Charles the First] for its situation Westward, now towards Abergavenny, and the meadows towards Chepstow was a most charming prospect.

At the West end stood a large Oak, with large boughs, affording a fine shade in summer; near which was the way to

THE GRAND TERRACE WALKS,

And pleasant Gardens, and fair-built Summer Houses, with delightful Walks, four hundred and thirty feet long, beneath which was situated a very large

FISH POND,

Of many acres of land, ornamented, in several parts, with divers artificial Islands and Walks, near which stood a charming

ORCHARD,

ORCHARD,

Four hundred feet long, and one hundred broad, planted with the choicest Fruit Trees.

There were many Towers, besides the Tower Melin, all of square stone, one whereof was placed on Corbets* on the outside, having several turrets one above the other; and four in the gate-way leading to the Great Park, which had adjoining to it

A WARREN;

And several large and well-stocked Fish Ponds.

THE PARK

Was thick planted with fine maiden Oaks, and large Beech-trees, and richly stocked with all kinds of Deer.

This Castle was a garrison from the beginning of the Civil War, and kept by the EARL at his own charge; but being strongly besieged, and having no hopes of relief (being also one of the last garrisons), was surrendered to Sir Thomas Fairfax, on the 19th day of August 1646. Afterwards, the woods in the three parks were destroyed;—the lead and timber were carried to Monmouth, thence by water to Bristol to rebuild the bridge there, after the great fire.

The Great Tower, after tedious battering the top thereof with pick-axes, was undermined, and the weight of it propt with timber, whilst the two sides of the six were cut through: the timber being burnt, it fell down in a lump, and remains so to this day.

* Corbets are projections of wood from the main wall of a building, for the purpose of supporting any erection made from it, such as a balcony, &c.

After

After the surrender, the country people were summoned to rendezvous, with pick-axes, spades, and shovels, to draw the moat, in hopes of wealth; but being disappointed in their views, they were set to cut the stanks of the great fish-ponds, where they had store of very large carp, and other fish.

The artificial roof of the Hall, as it could not well be taken down, remained whole twenty years after the siege.

Above thirty vaults of all sorts of rooms and cellars, and three arched bridges, besides the tower bridge, are yet standing; but the most curious arch of the Chapel, and rooms above, with many other fair rooms, are totally destroyed.

So perfect and correct is the information contained in the preceding pages, that tho' one hundred and fifty years have passed away since the events occurred which produced the fall of the Castle, or (to use the more emphatic language of Mr. Gilpin,) "since Cromwell laid his iron hands upon it, and shivered it into ruins," the principal parts may NOW be inspected with the utmost convenience to the Visitor.

To render the account of this noble structure as worthy as possible of general acceptation, the following *Notes* and *Observations* were given to me by the late Mr. Tregoze, of Tregirog,—whose long residence near the Castle, and critical attention to its historical transactions, enabled him to make many judicious remarks on the preceding account of this celebrated mansion.

THE

THE NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS, OF MR. TREGOZE.

THE TOWER MELIN Y GWENT; OR, THE CITADEL.

ABOUT forty years ago, the ditch, or moat, round this Tower was cleared out, by the late Mr. D. Evans, who then occupied the Castle Farm; till which time, the whole of that part which had been undermined and thrown down, remained in the same state in which it fell. The small stones were sold by the load, to mend the roads; the large ones were preserved for repairing the buildings on the Duke's estates; and the rubbish hauled over the land for manure. Under all, at the bottom of the ditch, were found several cannon shot, from six to eighteen pounds weight, but many of them broke: Likewise the timber that had been used as *props*, very little injured, except where it had been burnt through. The Plug, made of oak, that belonged to the Sluice to let the water out of the Moat, and the Trunk of the Sluice, both sound, were found under the arch that led to the Great Terrace; which arch was a private one, and made on purpose for them, as it was walled up at both sides or ends, and not to be seen from without.

THE PITCHED STONE COURT.

In this Court was a deep Draw Well, the water of which, it is believed, was brought from the well on the side of the road above Ragland. This well being so much overgrown with bushes, that the farmer's sheep, going there for shade, were used to fall in, and be lost; which caused the tenant, and much about the time that he cleared out the Moat, to have it filled up, so that it is not now to be seen, nor is the place, where it was, known but to few people.

Between the north-east corner Tower and the Kitchen Tower, on the right hand side of this Court as you enter from the principal gate, the greater part of the main wall is nearly level with the ground, and appears to have been done by cannon shot; for, at about four hundred yards distance, in the field to the northward, there remains a large hole in the ground, that seems to have been formed for a sunk battery, *and from which the Breach was made that caused the surrender of the Castle.*

THE WHITE HORSE,

OR MARBLE FOUNTAIN.

In the second, or western Court, lay three black stones, which, when broke, or rubbed, sent forth a strong sulphurous smell. The common people called them the "stinking stones," and were used to break off pieces, to give to strangers who came to see the Castle. These stones were [as reported by tradition] said and believed to be part of the statue of the Fountain Horse placed in this Court. By the then appearance of them, they

they seemed to have been part of the pedestal. One of them in particular seemed to have been part of the capital of the pedestal, as the mouldings were at that time very well preserved. The marks, likewise, of the workmen's tools were very plain to be seen on them; which must set aside the idea entertained by many people, of their being a *composition*, the secret of which is lost to the present age.

The statue of the Horse itself was said and believed, by all the people round the place, who heard the remark from their fathers, &c. made of the same kind of stone as the pedestal. These stones were, at the time the Moat round the Tower was cleared out, removed from thence to the farm house, where what is left is still to be seen.

THE BOWLING GREEN.

This lies at the south-west corner of the Great Terrace, on the south-front of the Castle. It is called by some people the Bowling Green, but the appellation is very erroneous.

About forty years ago, this Green was planted with apple trees, as were many other places about the Castle, which were overgrown with bushes. Till that time it had but very few apple trees about it. These several plantations were all made by Mr. Evans, which are now in a very thriving state, and are become very valuable to the farm. In the Civil War, when this Castle, from being a Nobleman's Seat, was thought proper to be converted into a Garrison, this bowling green was turned into a bastion, as now very plainly appears, by the

the remains of the parapet. There is likewise, on this front, another bastion, at the south-east corner of the said terrace, that was, at the same time, formed to flank what may be called the *bowling green bastion*. Before the principal gate was also formed an horn work, now an orchard, as the others. Through this work is the present entrance into the Castle, made within these few years, without any kind of meaning. This horn work is towards the eastern side, and was intended to cover the principal Gate. The form of all these fortifications are still very plain to be seen: the rampart, ditch, and several other works of a modern form, are now to be traced all about this part of the Castle;—they go quite round all the out-buildings, to the north and west sides thereof, and from thence seem to have joined the Kitchen Tower.

A great part of this information was, from time to time, in the course of many years, collected from several very old people, who were at that time living in the neighbouring parts about the Castle, whose fathers, and other relatives, who had lived in the days when the Castle was in its perfect state, had often related to them the same particulars, from their own knowledge and remembrance of things.

The rest arises chiefly from my own observations and conjectures, on viewing the different parts of the ruins, and other remains of the several places, which the preceding account describes.

D. TREGOZE, Tregrog, May 1794.

LIST

LIST OF THE HOUSEHOLD,

AND

METHOD OF LIVING,

AT

RAGLAND CASTLE,

When inhabited by the Earl of Worcester, in the Reign of King Charles the First, from 1628 to 1646.

THIS specimen of the magnificence and hospitality of the times when the Castle was *inhabited*, is not only in itself extremely curious, but conveys an idea highly correspondent with the dignity of the Noble Possessor, who appears to have lived here in a stile of grandeur compatible with his rank and fortune.

To those, who have not before considered the subject, I subjoin this further account of Baronial Manners; which will serve to illustrate the Domestic Economy of the Nobility of the Realm at the period we are speaking of;

THE English noblemen and gentlemen, who accompanied James I. and his Queen into Scotland, introduced, it is said, a more luxurious mode of living into that Kingdom than had been formerly known; and, in consequence of an harangue against this, by a Bishop of St. Andrews, an act passed regulating the manner in which all orders of persons should live, and in particular prohibiting the use of pies and other baked meats (then first known in Scotland) to all under the rank of Barons.

It

It was the custom, in great families, to have four meals a day, viz. breakfasts, dinners, suppers, and liveries, which was a kind of collation in their bed-chamber, immediately before they went to rest. They breakfasted at seven, dined at ten in the forenoon, supped at four, had their liveries between eight and nine, and soon after went to bed. The breakfast of an Earl and his Countess, on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the Holy Fast of Lent, was "a loaf of "bread in trenchers, two manchetts, (a small loaf of "the finest bread, weight six ounces,) a quart of beer, "a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconed "herrings, four white herrings, or a dish of sproits." *This, for two persons, at seven in the morning, was a tolerable allowance for a day of fasting.* Their suppers on these days were equally plentiful. Their breakfast on flesh days was "a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchetts, a quart "of beer, a quart of wine, half a chyne of mutton, or "a chyne of beef boiled. The liveries were two manchetts, a loaf of household bread, a gallon of beer, "and a quart of wine." The wine was warmed, and mixed with spiceries. No rule was fixed for dinners, as these were the principal meals, at which they entertained their company. It is remarkable that shopkeepers, mechanics, and labourers, breakfasted at eight in the morning, dined at noon, and supped at six in the evening; which were later hours than those of the nobility.

The Barons not only kept numerous households, but very frequently entertained still greater numbers of their friends, retainers, and vassals. These entertainments were

were conducted with much formal pomp, but not with equal delicacy and cleanliness. The Lord of the mansion sat in state, in his great chamber, at the head of his long clumsy oaken board; and his guests were seated on each side, on long hard benches or forms, exactly according to their stations; and happy was the man whose rank entitled him to be placed above the great family silver-salt in the middle. The table was loaded with capicious pewter dishes, filled with salted beef, mutton, and butchers-meat of all kinds, with venison, poultry, sea-fowl, wild-fowl, game, fish, &c. dressed in different ways, according to the fashion of the times. The sideboards were plentifully furnished with ale, beer, and wines, which were handed to the company, when called for, in pewter and wooden cups, by the mareschals, grooms, yeomen, and waiters of the chamber, ranged in regular order. But with all this pomp and plenty, there was little elegance. The guests were obliged to use their fingers instead of forks, which were not then invented. They sat down to table at ten in the morning, and did not rise from it till one in the afternoon, by which three of the best hours in the day were consumed in gormandizing.

The appropriation of time for dinner, at that day, forms a striking contrast to the present fashionable hours among those of equal rank; and calls to our recollection the pleasant observation of Allscrip, in the Comedy of the Heiress, on modern manners, "that his daughter "returned home, from paying her Morning Visits, "*two hours after dark!*"

LIST OF THE HOUSEHOLD,

&c. &c.

AT Eleven o'clock in the forenoon the Castle Gates were shut, and the Tables laid, viz. two in the Dining Room; three in the Hall; one in Mrs. Watson's apartment, where the Chaplains eat (Sir Toby Mathews being the first;) and two in the Housekeeper's Room, for the Ladies Women.

The EARL entered the Dining Room, attended by his Gentlemen.

As soon as he was seated, Sir Ralph Blackstone, Steward of the House, retired.

The Comptroller, Mr. Holland, attended with his staff; as did the Sewer, Mr. Blackburne; the Daily Waiters, Mr. Clough, Mr. Selby, Mr. Scudamore, and many gentlemen's sons, with estates from two to seven hundred pounds a year, who were bred up in the Castle; My Lady's Gentlemen of the Chamber, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Fox.

At the first table, sate

The Noble Family, and such of the Nobility as came there.

At the second table, in the Dining Room, sate

Knights and honourable Gentlemen, atended by footmen.

In

In the Hall, at the first table, sate

Sir Ralph Blackstone, steward. The comptroller, Mr. Holland. The secretary. The master of the horse, Mr. Delawar. The master of the fish-ponds, Mr. Andrews. My Lord Herbert's preceptor, Mr. Adams: with such gentlemen as came there under the degree of a knight, attended by footmen, and plentifully served with wine.

At the second table in the Hall,
served from my Lord's table, and with other hot meats, sate

The sewer, with the gentlemen waiters, and pages, to the number of twenty-four.

At the third table, in the Hall, sate

The clerk of the kitchen; with the yeomen officers of the house; two grooms of the chambers, &c.

Other Officers of the Household, were,

Chief auditor, Mr. Smith. Clerk of the accounts, Mr. George Whithorn. Purveyor of the castle, Mr. Salisbury. Ushers of the hall, Mr. Moyle and Mr. Cooke. Closet keeper. Gentleman of the chapel, Mr. Davies. Keeper of the records. Master of the wardrobe. Master of the armoury. Twelve master grooms of the stables, for the war horses. Master of the hounds. Master falconer. Porter, and his man.

Two butchers. Two keepers of the home park.
Two keepers of the red deer park.
Footmeen, grooms, and other menial servants,
to the number of one hundred and fifty!!
Some of the footmen were brewers and bakers.

OUT OFFICERS.

Steward of Ragland, William Jones, esq.
Governor of Chepstow Castle, Sir Nicholas Kemeys, baronet.
Housekeeper of Worcester House in London, James Redman, esq.
Thirteen bailiffs.
Two council, for the bailiffs to have recourse to.
Solicitor, Mr. John Smith.

FROM the contemplation of this scene of almost REGAL splendor,—for the fortune of the first nobleman of the realm, at the present day, would be scarce sufficient to maintain the Household at Ragland,—we must now direct our attention to a very important part of its history, the destruction of the Castle, and with it the overthrow of its venerable and noble possessor.

Mr. Rushworth,—a name not to be pronounced but with reverence, by the admirers of British History,—has, most happily for the advantage of these pages, preserved the whole of the correspondence, that passed between the distinguished characters at the siege and surrender of the Castle, which cannot fail to excite a considerable degree of interest in the minds of those travellers, who have not before perused his valuable State Papers.

Mr. Williams, in his History of Monmouthshire, has quoted Sanderson's Life of Charles I.; but those letters appear as a mere abridgment of the popular author whose collections I have here adopted.

AN

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE OF RAGLAND CASTLE,

Including the whole of the CORRESPONDENCE which passed between the Right Honourable the Earl of Worcester, proprietor and occupier of the Castle: And Colonel Morgan, and his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, knight, general of the parliament army, who besieged it.

To which are added,

THE ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION,

Which were signed on Monday, August 16, 1646.

AFTER Wallingford, in Berkshire, followed the reduction of Ragland, a strong Castle in Wales, garrisoned for the King, under the Marquis of Worcester, whose proper house it was, being situated very conveniently to command all parts of *South Wales*. It had been streightned by some forces of Sir Trevor Williams, and Major General Langhorn, before Colonel Morgan was ordered thither from Worcester, to command in chief, who had but fifteen hundred men first, and the garrison consisted of eight hundred, who made divers gallant sallies, and in one killed a Cornet of Morgan's, and carried away the colours; but after the rendition of Oxford, Morgan being reinforced with two thousand men, sent in the following Summons:

My

My Lord,

BY his excellency's command, this is my second summons, whereby you are required forthwith to deliver to me, to the use of both houses of parliament, the Castle of Ragland, with all stores, ordnance, arms, ammunition, and provisions, and all other necessaries that belong to war, that are now in it; which if you will be pleased to do, you may haply find mercy, as other garrisons have had; and if you do refuse, expect but the ruin of yourself, your family, and this poor distressed country. For I must acquaint your lordship, that his excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax having now finished his work over the kingdom, except this castle, hath been pleased to spare his forces for this work, which are now upon their march this way, with all materials fit for it; tho' I made no doubt but I had of mine own strength sufficient to effect it. If your lordship will deny to summit to this summons, and that more blood must be spilt, your lordship may be confident that you shall receive no favour from both houses of parliament. So expecting your answer this night by 9 of the clock, I rest, your lordship's servant,

THO. MORGAN.

From the Leaguer before Ragland, June 28, 1646.

Upon the faith and honour of a soldier, this is a true copy of his majesty's letter to the governor of Oxford, Litchfield, Wallingford, and Worcester, and all other garrisons in England and Wales; which I thought fit to present to your lordship, that you may clearly see what probability of relief you are like to have.

SIR,

SIR,

I HAVE received this day two advertisements from you; the first I did read, containing, as you would have me believe, a true copy of his majesty's warrant to several garrisons, upon honorable terms to quit, &c. But truly, Sir, it is not in the power of man to make me think so unworthily of his majesty, that to one, in the opinion of the world, that hath given himself and family so great a remonstrance and testimony of his and their faith and fidelity towards him, that he would not please so much as to name his name, or Ragland: I intreat you give me leave to suspend my belief. And for your second summons, it makes it too evident, that it is desired that I should dye under an hedge like a beggar, having no house left to put my head into, nor means left to find me bread. Wherefore to give you answer, I make choice (if it so please God), rather to dye nobly than to live with infamy: which answer if it be not pleasing to you, I shall not think you worthy to be stiled by me, your loving friend and servant,

H. WORCESTER.

From my House at Ragland, June 28, 1646.

My Lord,

SINCE it is not in my power to make you nor your son believe any thing concerning the surrender of those garrisons, by his majesty's order, that comes from me, or any of our party; once more, and the last, before I send your answer to his excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, I shall give your lordship way to send an officer, with another of mine, to those lords in Oxford, to whom his majesty's

majesty's letters were directed, for your better satisfaction. This I do, my lord, to prevent your utter ruin, and that of this poor country, so much occasioned by your lordship's obstinacy. I expect your present answer, and so rest your servant,

THO. MORGAN.

JUNE 28.

SIR,

IN respect of your mentioning of any respect or kindness towards me, lest to be divulged to the world, might do you any prejudice, I have thought fit, in your own letter, to return you thanks for the same. And for Sir Thos. Fairfax, if he were here with all his army, he should receive no other from me than you have had. I hope I serve (though not so well as I should), a master that is of more might than all the armies in the world; and to his holy will and pleasure I submit myself, and yourself to do what you think fitting; and so rest your friend and servant,

H. WORCESTER.

From my Dwelling at Ragland, June 28.

Some time after this, general Fairfax came in person thither from Bath, to quicken the siege, which was in great forwardness, both for works and approaches; and then sent in this summons to the castle:

My Lord,

BEING come into these parts with such a strength as I may not doubt but with the same good hand of providence that hath hitherto blessed us, in short time to reduce the garrison of Ragland to the obedience of the parliament;

parliament; I have, in order thereto, thought good to send your lordship this summons, hereby requiring you to deliver up to me, for the parliament's use, the said garrison and castle of Ragland; which as it only obstructs the kingdom's universal peace, the rendition may beget such terms, as by delay or vain hopes cannot hereafter be expected. I remain, my lord, your lordship's most humble servant,

THO. FAIRFAX.

Leaguer, before Ragland, August 7th, 1646.

Your lordship's speedy answer to this summons is desired.

SIR,

ALTHO' my infirmities might justly claim privilege in so sudden an answer, yet because you desire it, and I not willing to delay your time, to your letter of summons to deliver up my house, and the only house now in my possession to cover my head in; these are to let you know, that if you did understand the condition I am in, I dare say out of your judgment you will not think it a reasonable demand. I am loth to be the author of mine own ruin on both sides, and therefore desire leave to send to his majesty, to know his pleasure what he will have done with his garrison. As for my house, I presume he will command nothing; neither am I knowing how either by law or conscience I should be forced out of it. To this I desire your return, and rest your excellency's humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

From my poor Cottage at Ragland, Aug. 7, 1646.

My

My Lord,

TOUCHING your sending to his majesty, it is that which hath been denied to the most considerable garrisons of England, further than an account to his majesty of the thing done, upon the surrender; which I do also freely grant to your lordship. And for that distinction which your lordship is pleased to make, *that it is your house*, if it had not been formed into a garrison I should not have troubled your lordship with a summons; and were it disgarrisoned, neither you nor your house should receive any disquiet from me, or any that belong to me.

This I thought good to return to your's, and thereby to discharge myself before God and the world, of all extremities and sad consequencies that will ensue upon the refusal of the rendition of your garrison upon my summons. I remain, your's,

THO. FAIRFAX.

SIR,

I DO much confide in your honour, as that being at stake: concerning leave to send to his majesty, I will at this time forbear to make further motion in it; only one thing which is extraordinary, I offer to your consideration, for the just cause, besides my allegiance, of my reasonable request, which is, That upon his majesty's promise of satisfaction, I am above *twenty thousand pounds out of purse*; and if I should do any thing displeasing unto him, I am sure all that is lost, and no benefit to the Parliament. If you knew how well known I was in

Henry

Henry earl of Huntington's time unto your noble grandfather at York, I am assured I should receive that favour at your hands that safely you might afford. God knows, if I might quietly receive my means of subsistence, and be in security, with the parliament's approbation, and freed from the malice of those gentlemen, that are of the committee within this county,* I should quickly quit myself of the garrison, for I have no great cause to take delight in it. I have that high esteem of your worth, nobleness, and true judgment, that knowing you will offer nothing ignoble or unworthy for me to do, as the case stands with me, I desire to know what Conditions I may have, and I will return you present answer; and in the mean time I rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

August 8, 1646.

My Lord,

ACCORDING to your lordship's desire, I have returned you Conditions, such as may be fit and satisfactory to the soldiers. To your lordship and family I have granted quiet and security from all violence of any that belongs to me. I would persuade your lordship not to fear any ill or disrespect from the committee of this county (I shall easily reconcile that party, or that they will do any thing, but as they shall receive order from the parliament. By this means you are at liberty to send to the parliament; and upon a present surrender and submission to their mercy and favour, your lordship cannot but think to receive better terms for yourself, than

* Then, and some time before, sitting at Chepstow.

your stand out to the last extremity, which besides the hazard of your person, and of those in your family (which I do presume are dear to you,) and the spoil of the castle, which cannot be avoided in extreme undertakings against it. Your lordship hath no reason to expect better than the marquiss of Winchester received, who in making good Basing House to the last, narrowly escaped in his own person, lost his friend, subjected those that escaped to great frights and hazard, his house and estate to utter ruin, and himself to extremity of justice.* Touching your lordship's twenty thousand pounds, your lordship hath liberty to solicit about that by the same hands your lordship shall give an account of the surrender to his majesty. I desire your lordship, upon receipt of these, to dismiss my trumpeter, and to return an answer by one of your own.

THO. FAIRFAX.

SIR,

THE difficulty of resolution by the soldiers and officers (other than I thought,) causeth my request for your patience, in not giving you full answer to the conditions you sent me yesterday: but as soon as I shall obtain it, you shall not be long without it: but one thing and that of moment, I desire to be satisfied in; whether if any conclusions should be made, that afterwards I should be left to the mercy of the parliament,

* Cromwell having left General Fairfax in the West of England, set down, with a selected force, before Basing House, in Hampshire; and in consequence of a refusal to comply with his imperious summons, he stormed the place, took it, and put most of the garrison to the sword.

for

for alteration at their will and pleasure; and if it be so, I shall endeavour in vain to study more about it: for example, in my lord of Shrewsbury's case, and divers others, how conditions have been broken, doth a little affright me. I know, by your will and consent, it should never be; but soldiers are unruly, and the parliament unquestionable; and therefore, I beseech you, pardon my just cause of fear, and I will rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

August 11th.

My Lord,

I HAVE perused your letter of the 10th of August. As to your scruple remain in your desire to be satisfied (so far as I understand it), I can only give you this resolution. That what I grant, I will undertake shall be made good. As to the instance you give in my lord of Shrewsbury's case, the actors in that breach (who were none of my army,) have received their censure, and by this time, I believe, their execution. But here, if any conclusion be made while I stay, I dare undertake there shall be no such thing; or if any, there shall be reparation.

THO. FAIRFAX.

August 11, 1646.

SIR,

FOR the better accommodation of these unhappy differences, if you please that there may be a cessation of arms and working, and to engage your honour for the return of my commissioners, to-morrow by ten of the

the clock, they shall wait upon you in your Leaguer,* where they shall vindicate me for being the only obstruction of the general peace. So in expectation of your sudden answer, I rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

August 13th, 1646.

My Lord,

HAVING not yet received, in any of your letters, a direct answer to the conditions I sent you, I have no grounds or consideration for such a cessation of arms and working, as in your letter you desire; but if it be your purpose to return your answer by commissioners, I shall, by the hour you mention, appoint commissioners of mine own, to receive the same in the Leaguer, as you desire, and engage myself for the safe return of yours, not exceeding six commissioners, and as many servants; and in order to this I shall be content there be a cessation of arms and working from nine of the clock to-morrow morning, 'till two in the afternoon. Your's,

THO. FAIRFAX.

Usk, Aug. 14.

SIR,

HAD I not thought you had been in the Leaguer, to the end that propositions from the place, in answer to yours, might have been first presented unto you, and to avoid delays, which I thought your side would best like of, it was resolved to send Commissioners together with our propositions; but considering it was otherwise, I have sent you such as I am advised unto, to take into

* The besieging fields.

your

your consideration: And because there is some addition to yours, I would have been glad you had heard the just reason thereof, to the end you might not have been persuaded to slight them without just cause. Your pleasure for the ordering of business, I at your leisure expect, and if you please the dismission of this messenger; and so rest your humble servant,

H. WORCESTER.

My Lord,

I HAVE perused the propositions sent out by your commissioners, which I find such as deserve no answer. I have offered your lordship, and the rest, conditions, which you may yet have, if you accept in time. If there be any thing in them obscure, needing explanation, or wanting circumstantials, for the better performing of the things intended therein, I shall be willing to appoint commissioners on my part, to treat with yours to that purpose, upon those propositions of mine: provided you send commissioners instructed with power to treat and conclude, and return your resolution herein by six of the clock in the evening. Yours, &c.

THO. FAIRFAX.

August 16, 1646.

IN the mean time, the besiegers went on with their approaches towards the Castle, their main works being not above sixty yards distant; and had planted four mortar pieces in one place, and two mortar pieces at another, each mortar piece carrying a granado shell twelve inches diameter.

August

August 14. Fairfax appointed a new approach: which the engineer, Captain Hooper, had so far proceeded in, as to throw up approaches of an hundred yards in circuit, making exact running trenches (as secure as if they were works against a storm) coming within 60 yards of their works.

August 15. The Marquis sent forth his desire to treat upon the General's propositions: whereupon the Treaty was appointed at Mr. OATES's house (about a mile and an half from Ragland,) to begin at two of the clock that afternoon. Fairfax's Commissioners were, Colonel Birch; Mr. Herbert, Quarter-master; General Grasvenor; Lieut. Colonel Ashfield; and Major Tulida.

By MONDAY, *August* 17, The TREATY was concluded, according to the ensuing ARTICLES.

Respecting the use of *mortar pieces* at the siege of Ragland Castle, Mr. Tregoze says, it is a mistake, and supposes the writer meant Cannon,—because it is well known that large mortar pieces cannot do execution at short distances, nor can they batter in breach. Besides, no broken pieces of bomb shells were ever found either within or about the Castle, which would have been the case if they had been used; but cannon shot of several sizes, both whole and broken, have been frequently met with in it, and the adjoining parts.

One of these Messengers of Fate, but deprived of its terrors, was lately peaceably at rest in the garden of Mr. Chambers.

ARTICLES,

ARTICLES,

Concluded and agreed on between his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, Knight, General of the Forces raised by the Parliament, on the one part:—

And the Right Honourable the Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Governor of the Garrison and Castle of Ragland, on the other part; for and concerning the Surrender of the Castle and Garrison of Ragland.

ARTICLE I.

THAT the Castle and Garrison of Ragland, with all the ordnance, arms, ammunition, and provision of war, thereunto belonging, shall be delivered up, without wilful spoil, unto his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, or such as he shall appoint to receive the same, on Wednesday next, being the nineteenth day of this instant August, by ten of the clock in the forenoon, in such form as shall be expressed in the ensuing Articles.

II. That upon the said nineteenth day of August, the Officers, Gentlemen, and Soldiers, of the Garrison, with all other persons therein, shall march out of the said Garrison with their horses and arms, with colours flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, matches lighted at both ends, bullets in their mouths, and every soldier with twelve charges of powder, match and bullet proportionable, and bag and baggage, to any place within ten miles of the Garrison, where the Governor shall

shall nominate; where, in respect his Majesty hath no garrison in England, nor army any where within this kingdom, and dominion of Wales, their arms shall be delivered up to such as his Excellency shall appoint to receive them, where the soldiers shall be disbanded; and that all, both Officers, Gentlemen, and Soldiers, shall have the benefit of these ensuing Articles, except persons excepted from pardon and composition, they engaging themselves not to bear arms hereafter against the Parliament, nor do any thing, during their abode in the Parliament's quarters prejudicial to their affairs.

III. That such as desire to go to their own homes, or to their private friends, shall have the General's pass and protection, for their peaceable repair to, and abode at, the several places they shall go unto; the Officers and Gentlemen to pass with their horses and arms; also, such Officers and Gentlemen, reformed or not reformed, that want horses, shall march with their arms; and all Officers, Gentlemen, Soldiers, and others, shall pass with bag and baggage.

IV. That all Officers, Gentlemen, and others, comprised within this Capitulation, shall have three months time allowed them to remain in any place, within the Parliament's quarters, for the endeavouring their peace and composition. And all Gentlemen that desire to go beyond the seas, shall have their passes for themselves and their servants, and all other other necessaries, to any sea-port, to ship themselves, they paying the usual rate: provided they go within three months after the said surrender. And that all Gentlemen, Officers, and others,

others, as desire to take foreign entertainment, shall, without exception, have passes for themselves and servants to go to London or elsewhere, to treat with any Ambassador, or other, to that purpose, with their bag and baggage, to march to any Port, or to be transported whither they please, they likewise paying the usual rates.

V. That such as are either wounded or sick, shall either have liberty to stay in the Castle, or be removed to such other places as the Governor shall chuse for their recovery.

VI. That no Officers, Gentlemen, or Soldiers, during these three months, shall be questioned for any words spoken, or acts done, relating to this war or the commencement of it: That no person comprised in these Articles be reproached, affronted, plundered, or injured, in their march, quarters, or places of abode; or any person that shall receive them, shall be molested, or suffer any prejudice thereof, but shall have liberty, during the limitted time, to pass about their lawful occasions; provided they act nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament. And in case any of these Articles be broken by any particular person, that the punishment extend no farther than the party so offending. And that all these Articles may be faithfully observed according to the true intent thereof, without any cavil or mental reservation to infringe them, or any of them.

On WEDNESDAY, August the 19th, the Castle was surrendered, according to the agreement, to Sir Thomas Fairfax, for the use of the Parliament. The Garrison was no sooner marched forth, but Fairfax entered the Castle, took a view of it, had some conference with the Marquis,* and afterwards went that night to Chepstow, where he was entertained by the Committee there; from whence, on Thursday the 20th, he returned to his quarters at Bath.

The Castle of Ragland was a very strong place, having a deep moat encompassing it, besides the River running by it. There were delivered up with it twenty pieces of ordnance, only three barrels of powder, but they had a mill with which they could make a barrel a day. There was found great store of corn and malt, wine of all sorts, and beer. The horses they had left were not many, and those that were, almost starved for want of hay; so that the horses had like to have eaten one another for want of meat, and therefore were tied with chains! There were also great store of goods and rich furniture found in the Castle, which Fairfax committed to the care and custody of Mr. Herbert, Commissioner of the Army, Mr. Roger Williams, and Major Tuliday, to be inventoried. And that in case any of the country should make a just claim to any of them, as having been violently taken from them, or they compelled to bring them in thither, they should have them restored.

* This will be noticed in another part of the work.

There

There marched out of the Castle,

The Marquis of Worcester, who was then above four score [83] years of age.—Died in December following the siege.

The Lord Charley, the Marquis's [6th] son.—Died a Canon, at Cambray, in French Flanders.

The Countess of Glamorgan.—Wife of the Earl of Glamorgan, the Marquis's eldest son, who succeeded to his father's honours.

The Lady Jones. Sir Philip Jones.—Lived at Tre-Owen, before described, but retired from their own house to the Castle, as a place of better security.

Doctor Bailey.—The Earl's Chaplain.

Commissionary Gwillym.—I presume was a relative of the Whitchurch family, then living at Old Court.

Four Colonels. 82 Captains. 16 Lieutenants.
Six Cornets. 4 Ensigns. 4 Quarter-masters.
Fifty-two Esquires and Gentlemen.

[Who these Officers and Gentlemen were I never heard mentioned.]

☞ It is remarkable, that the two last garrisons which surrendered to the Parliament army, were defended by men so far advanced in life, as the Marquis of Worcester, proprietor of Ragland Castle, and John Arundel, esq. governor of Pendennis Castle, in South Wales;—on which circumstance, an able historian observes, "That those garrisons, which were defended with the greatest courage, in the end obtained as good and honourable conditions, as any of those who surrendered on the first summons."

ON

ON THE

PRESENT STATE

OF

RAGLAND CASTLE.

ON alighting at the Beaufort Arms Inn, we return a few hundred yards on the Monmouth road, when after passing the bridge at the bottom of the descent, and crossing the stile on the left hand, we enter the castle farm, through which an agreeable walk conducts us to the gates made by Mr. Evans, and the railed path into the first, or eastern, court of the Castle.*

This front possesses a grandeur superior to every other part of the castle. The towers which defended the principal entrance, with the broken angle of the Yellow Tower or Citadel, forciby arrests the stranger's attention, on his entrance into this Court.†

* When the King (Charles the First) first entered the gates of Ragland, the Marquess delivered his Majesty the keyes according to the ordinary custom, the King restoring them to the Marquess, the Marquess said, "I "beseech your Majesty to keep them if you please, for they are in a "good hand; but I am afraid that ere it be long, I shall be forced to "deliver them into the hands of those who will spoil the compleiment."

Apothegms of the Earl of Worcester.

† The first Gate and flight of Steps are destroyed,—but a sufficient part of the second, which gave entrance into this Court, still remains, and in the situation mentioned in the MS.—evidently proving the authenticity of the Description of the Castle when in its splendor.

Ivy.

Ivy, in large masses, ornament the tower on the left, and time is fast adding its decoration to those on the right hand side of the gateway. Some of the upper rooms to the northward are remaining, but all the others are totally destroyed.

THE YELLOW TOWER,* OR CITADEL.

Before the stranger enters the Second Court, it will be proper to visit the Citadel,—the approach to which is across the Moat, on the left hand of the gateway.

This part is one of the greatest curiosities remaining. By a geometrical stone staircase, consisting of *ninety steps*, (each step measuring five feet 2 inches long, five inches thick, and increasing from five to 24 inches in width), so curiously put together as to be ascended with the utmost ease and convenience, we reach the summit of

* The first night his Majesty came into Ragland Castle, the King desired to see the great Tower, where his lordship did use to keep his Treasure, his Majesty spake unto Doctor Baily then standing by, to fetch the keys; he ran down to the Marquess and acquainted him with the King's pleasure, who would needs bring them to the King, and shew him the Tower himself: when the King saw the Marquess bringing the keys himself he thus spake unto the Marquess, My Lord, there are some men so unreasonable, as to make me believe, that your Lordship hath good store of gold yet left within this Tower, but I knowing how I have exhausted you, together with your own occasions, could never have believed it, until now I see you will not trust the keyes with any but yourself: to which the Marquess made this reply, "Sir, I was so far from giving your Majesty any "such occasion of thought by this tender of my duty, that I protest unto "you, that I was once resolved that your Majesty should have lain there, "but that I was loth to commit your Majesty to the Tower."

Apothegm of the Earl of Worcester.

the

the tower, from which we command a view in the highest degree beautiful and extensive,—the horizon bounded in every direction by those lofty mountains so often noticed in the course of this work,—and also overlook the whole extent of the Castle, which presents a very interesting scene. The tops of the towers, and other parts are all richly cloathed with ivy, intermixed with a variety of flowering shrubs, &c. which add a great relief and beauty in the season when they flourish.

While on the summit of this Tower, we will detain the visitor in contemplating the *situation* of the Castle.

As we approach from Monmouth, it appears to stand *low*, but on over-looking the country from hence we shall find, that it occupies rather a *commanding eminence*, in the centre of a beautiful vale, of considerable extent, —which vale is entirely surrounded by a *grand chain* or *circle* of *hills*, that terminate the prospect in every direction. Seated here with a friend, enjoying the beautiful scenery around us, his correct knowledge pointed out the several eminences which here meet the eye. It should be observed, that the *foregrounds*,—the *south* aspect excepted,—contain little interesting:

Looking eastward, and bringing the eye southward:

The Kymin hill, ſummer-houſe, and naval temple, Monmouth.

Troy Park, Craig-y-dorth, near do.

With the range of Trellick Beacons, ſuppoſed the higheſt grounds in Monmouthſhire.

Laniſhen hill, near Trellick, and the Devauden do. on Chepſtow road.

Newchurch hill (oppoſite the elms.)

The grand Went-wood.

* Kemeys's

☞ Kemeys's firs, beyond Uſk, From this elevation you ſurvey the following "thirteen counties," viz. Monmouth, Glocester, Worceſter, Hereford, Salop, Wilts, Somerſet, Devon (Engliſh), Brecon, Radnor, Glamorgan, Caermarthen, Cardigan (South Wales.) Alſo, the Engliſh Channel down to King-road.

Mr. Nicholls's firs, near Caerleon.

South West.

From Caerleon to Pen-twyn-barlwm.
Gar Vawr, and Dial Carig.

Westward.

The hills near Pont-y-pool, to
The Great Blorens near Abergavenny.
The opening ſhews the Breconſhire hills at Crickhowell, to the Bwich hill, within 8 miles of Brecon (20 miles.)
The Sugarloof hill (from its form,) near Abergavenny.
The Hatteral hills, where the river Monnow riſes.
The great Ifcareth (ſeparation) to
The Black mountain.

North West.

Campſon hill, and from thence to
The Graig hill. Near it, in the vale, the river Monnow flows.

North.

Garway hill, beyond Kentchurch park, Mr. Scudamore's.
Broad Oak hill. The Skinch-hill.
The Cwm hill. The White hill,
And from thence to the Kymin.

*** On a fine day, hours might here be paſſed with pleaſure.

By the wilful dilapidation of those concerned in throwing down an angle of this Tower, every room in it is totally destroyed.

THE

THE MOAT.

The Moat which encompassed the Tower is now nearly dried up, and the pleasant walk round the Moat, so overgrown with bushes, as almost to forbid access; but the niches in which the figures of the Roman Emperors were placed, still remain, though time and the weather have partly destroyed the shell work with which they were ornamented.

From present appearance, there does not seem to have been that variety in the arrangement which is mentioned, if an opinion may be formed from those remaining in the cement. The method of executing it was very simple;—the bricks were covered with mortar, and the shells fixed in it while wet; but the composition was of a very durable quality, it being quite firm within a few years. The niches, (which properly should be called circular recesses,) measure 8 feet high, and 5 feet wide, so that the statues, in all probability, were as large as life.*

PITCHED STONE COURT.

Passing through the East gate, we enter the Pitched Stone Court (now overspread with turf, ashlings, and alders, in the wildest luxuriance,)—which is an oblong

* When Mr. Evans cleared out this Moat, as is before observed, he cut through the bank on the Terrace side, to make a passage for the carts employed to carry away the soil. Those who are not afraid of the trouble will find many curious parts remaining, as mentioned in the Description, such as the small turrets at each angle of the citadel, the niches, with shell work, &c.—but of the fifteen in number, there is scarcely one in which any of the work appears, time and the frost having nearly destroyed it.

square,

square, formed by what appear (from the elegance of the window frames now partly remaining,) to have been the principal rooms in the Castle, and the Kitchen Tower, on the east and west sides; by culinary offices, and the Stately Hall and rooms for officers of the household, on the north and south. Mr. Tregoze was of opinion, that the breach in the wall on the right hand side of this court, occasioned the surrender of the Castle. To differ in opinion with a person so well informed, has much the air of assumption; but I will offer a reason for so doing to the reader's consideration:

Though the besieging army carried their approaches within sixty yards of the Castle, it does not appear, in in the account of the siege, that a single shot was fired from those trenches, because the day after they were finished the Marquis sent propositions to treat with General Fairfax, and the Articles of Capitulation were almost immediately agreed on between the contending parties. I therefore, with due deference, am led to believe "that the noble Earl, seeing no probable hope of relief from any other quarter (the whole kingdom having submitted to the Parliament Army,) thought it prudent to surrender his Castle on the best terms he could obtain for the garrison, finding a longer resistance on his part only, against such a force as might, in a few days, be brought together, totally ineffectual,"—and in this opinion I am supported by the concurring testimony of history. The army horses were in the most miserable situation, according to Mr. Rushworth; nor can it be supposed that the comforts of the soldiery, at

the conclusion of the siege, were very widely extended, confined as they had been to so small a space for such a length of time.

While on the subject—Tradition records the following circumstance, as the means by which the garrison received considerable supplies from the Country:

In the still hour of night, a fire was made on an adjoining eminence, which was a signal to the Castle that some provisions were collected for the inhabitants: accordingly a party was dispatched to the spot, who returned loaded with the bounty of their friends.

The bow window of the Stately Hall, on the left side of this court, is a beautiful object. It forms half an hexagon, several yards high, with stone montens and transoms in proportion, the cupola crowned with ivy, which hangs down with a graceful negligence, forming an exquisite curtain of Nature's drapery. In short, the whole screen is finely adapted for the pencil.

THE KITCHEN.

A plank at the bottom of this Court affords a passage into the Kitchen, which appears very ill calculated for such a purpose (being only twenty feet square), and particularly for so large a family as that which resided in the Castle.

The villagers speak of ovens for baking, and fireplaces for roasting, *an ox whole*,—and indeed, if we may judge by their extent, there seems to have been no difficulty in doing it. The fireplace at the upper end is formed

formed by two stones, one measuring six, and the other seven feet in the span, each two feet thick, which is the only thing worth notice in this part of the building. Underneath the Kitchen, is a room of the same size, called the WET LARDER,—now in the most perfect state, and to be inspected with the greatest facility. Other culinary offices, which adjoined to the Kitchen Tower on the north side of the court, are wholly destroyed.

THE STATELY HALL.

Through the passage on the south side we enter the Hall of State. How great is the mutability of Fortune! The room in which the Sovereign of the land,* and the most eminent of the nobility, have frequently been entertained, is now become a Fives Court.

The hand of desolation marking its way through every possible part of the Castle, the interior memorials of former magnificence are very limitted and imperfect. At the east end of this room, in the centre of the wall, is placed the achievement of the Earl of Worcester,

* Sir Henry Baird, who was Lord Bellamount, coming into the hall of Ragland Caſtle, and ſeeing ſo many tables furniſhed with food, and ſeeders, ſware that his Majeſty had a plot to deſtroy that family, firſt in borrowing all the old man's money, and then in coming thus to eat up his victuals: which his Majeſty hearing, ſmiled at: but the Marquels aſked the man who made the relation unto him, of what garriſon the Lord Bellamount was governor? it was told his Lordſhip, that he was governor of Cambden Houſe; the Marquels replied, "that when the "King had done as he ſaid, that then his Majeſty might go to his gar-"riſon, and there he might have Cambden's Remains."

M. of Worceſter's Apothegms.

finely

finely executed in stone, though now considerably defaced. The arms are surrounded with the legend of the order of the garter, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, and underneath them his own motto, "Mutare vel timere sperno," —*I scorn either to change or to fear*,—the crest and supporters appear to have been removed, as diverting the course of the fives ball.

The aperture in the wall (nearly facing the achievement) at the lower end of the Hall, led into the Music Gallery; but this Bardic accommodation has suffered equally with every other part, it having been taken down.

The fireplace in the centre remains unbroken, but the grate has been removed. Its size was well calculated to soften the rigour of the winter season,—it measuring ten feet wide, and eight feet high.

The author of a "Tour through the Midland Counties of England," says, "I never enter a noble old Hall "without seeing, in my imagination, the Baron feasting merrily with his Knights at the upper end, while "I view the sides crouded with Esquires and Vassals; "and turning mine ear to the Gallery, hear at once the "Music strike up, till it makes the roof ring." In these ideas, particularly on this spot, the writer has often revelled; indeed it is impossible to detach them from our recollection, when we consider, that the noble possessor enjoyed all that earthly splendor inseparably the attendant on rank, and extensive fortune. As the Earl of Worcester was Governor of all South Wales, the Bards

in

in Public Court were assembled in the Castle, whose Harps, touched by the magic of their fingers, and inspired, as it were, by the fervor of their poetry, *here* often awoke the soul to ecstasy. Their minds must be insensible to the fascinating description of ancient grandeur, who can stand in this room a moment, without yielding up all their feelings to an influence so universally powerful.

THE LARGE COURT.

Passing on straight forward from the Hall, we enter another Court,—but the spoiler's hands have been so diligently employed, as to leave the stranger but little interesting to his curiosity.

In the centre of this Court was placed the celebrated

FOUNTAIN HORSE,

Which was considered as a principal ornament to this part of the Castle. The *capital of the pedastal* on which the Horse was placed, was tolerably perfect about forty years ago; but it has since been nearly demolished, by breaking off pieces to give to strangers, who came to see the Castle.

Mr. Tregoze is perfectly correct in the opinion which he has given respecting the stone,*—denying its being a *composition*; for on shewing a piece of it, in my possession, to different gentlemen (eminently skilled in mineralogy,) they informed me, it was scientifically

* See his Notes and Observations.

named

named a *Basalt*.* What remains of it now lies in Mr. Daniel's coal-yard; and, on being broken, still emits a strong sulphurous smell, sufficient to justify the uninformed in naming it a *stinking* stone.

There seems to be a mistake in calling it The *white* Horse, as the stone above mentioned is quite *black*,—unless the pedestal and horse were of different coloured substances.

The size of the well, which supplied it with water, may be traced, though now filled up, and overgrown with turf, the ground being rather lower than in any other part of the Court.

Though no particular spot is pointed out where the Citadel was joined to the Castle by a sumptuous arched bridge, as mentioned in the description, the upright grooves in the angle of the tower, which fronts this court, lead the writer to believe, that here was the communication, especially as a large door-way remains in the centre, which appears to have been the entrance. The following Anecdote, in some degree, confirms his opinion:

* The Rev. B. Richardſon, Wolverton, Rector of Farley Hungerford, in Wiltſhire, (whoſe acquaintance I have the pleaſure to ſhare in,) further corroborates their deciſion, who ſays, "That it is a pure limeſtone, with-"out without an admixture of iron, which is a conſtituent of BASALT; "but as it has a ſtronger reſemblance of that than any other mineral, it "would be proper to give it that name."

"At

"At the beginning of the Long Parliament, there were certain ruſticks who came unto Ragland Caſtle, to ſearch the caſtle for arms, my Lord being a Papiſt; the Marquiſs met them at the caſtle gate, and deſired to know, whether they came to take away his money? ſeeing they intended to diſarm him: they anſwered, No, but what they did was becauſe he was a Recuſant: he ſaid, he was a Peer of the Realm, and no convict recuſant, and therefore the law could not, in reaſon, take notice of any ſuch things; and further, ſome ſharp and dubious words coming from the Marquiſs, they were at laſt willing to take his word, but the Marquiſs not willing to part with them on ſuch eaſie terms, having before reſolved to return them one fright for another, which he thus effected; having carried them up and down the caſtle, he at length brought them over a "high "bridge, that arched over the moat, that was between the Caſtle and "the Great Tower," wherein the Lord Herbert had lately contrived certain water-works, which when the ſeveral engines and wheels were to be ſet a going, much quantity of water through the hollow conveyances of aqueducts, were to be let down from the top of the high tower, which upon the firſt entrance of theſe wonderful aſinegoes, the Marquiſs had given order that theſe catarrhacts ſhould begin to fall, which made ſuch a fearful and hideous noiſe, by reaſon of the hollowneſs of the tower, and the neighbouring ecchoes of the caſtle, and the waters that were between, and round them both, that there was ſuch a roaring, as if the mouth of hell had been open wide, and all the devils had been conjured up, that the poor ſilly men ſtood ſo amazed, as if they had been half dead, and yet they ſaw nothing: at laſt as the plot was laid, up comes a man ſtaring, and running, crying out, before he came at them, "Look to yourſelves, "my maſters, for the lions are got looſe:" whereupon the ſearchers gave ſuch a looſe, that they tumbled ſo over one another down the ſtairs, that it was thought one half of them had broken their necks, never looking behind them till they were ſure they had got out of ſight of the caſtle."

Apothegms of the Earl of Worceſter.

THE CHAPEL.

Parallel with the apartments for the Earl's principal Officers, was the Chapel, a long narrow room, now overgrown with nettles and alders, and its walls with ivy.

ivy. At the upper end, on the right hand side, some yards from the ground, are two stone figures, which till within these few years, were totally obscured, when I took the liberty of unveiling them,—but the talents of the statuary have not been exerted sufficiently to detain the stranger's attention.

A small tower remains at the S. W. corner, which is ascended by means of a few stone steps; but as it only repeats the view from the Yellow Tower, the visitor would not be further gratified on its summit. The access is also awkward, from the bushes and steep which obstruct it.

The Vaults and Cellars under this Court are nearly choaked up with stones and rubbish,—but an opinion may be formed of their number and extent. One in particular at the extremity is worthy notice, were it only on account of the neatness with which the masonry is executed.

THE GRAND TERRACE.

By a lofty gateway and arched bridge we are conducted to the Grand Terrace, from whence we enjoy all the beauty of the surrounding country. This walk, which measures 260 feet long, and 77 broad, now finely overspread with turf of the richest verdure, is truly delightful, even at the present day, though despoiled, as it has been, of the pleasure houses, fishponds, and other objects of attraction, mentioned in the description of its former splendor. Well might his Majesty King Charles the First delight in visiting this spot, heightened as it must

must have been by the company of such a Sage as the Earl, who might be truly stiled, in the elegant compliment which Mr. Pope paid to Lord Bolingbroke, "*his guide, philosopher, and friend.*" *

When standing in the centre of the Terrace, a beautiful amphitheatre of hills present themselves before us, including many of the objects described from the Yellow Tower. The foreground falls down in a fine slope of meadow land, to what were formerly the fishponds, but now filled up and laid under pasture,—while immediately beyond, on an easy elevation, stand the parish Church and Village, which, from being surrounded with fruit trees, appear to great advantage in the blossom season.

* When the King (Charles) had made his repaire to Raglon Castle, a seat of the Marquis of Worcester's, between Monmouth and Abergavenny, after the battell of Naseby; taking occasion to thank the Marquis for some monies lent to his Majesty, the Marquis returned his Majesty this answer: "Sir, I had your word for the money, but I never thought "I should be so soon repayed; for now you have given me thanks, I have "all I looked for."

Another time, the King came unto my Lord, and told him, that he thought not to have stayed with his Lordship above three days, but his occasions requiring his longer abode with him, he was willing to ease him of so great a burthen, as to be altogether so heavy a charge unto him: and considering it was a garrison, that his provisions might not be spent by so great a pressure, he was willing that his Lordship should have power given him to take what provisions the country would afford for his present maintenance and recruit; to which his Lordship made this reply: "I "humbly thank your Majesty, but my Castle will not stand long if it "leanes upon the countrey. I had rather be brought to a morsel of "bread, than any morsels of bread should be brought me to entertain "your Majesty." Apothegms of the E. of Worcester.

Beyond Ragland (at two miles,) appear the Church and Village of Landenny, while the vale and sides of the hills are studded with white cots, the peaceful dwellings of the occupiers of the land.

The horizon is bounded by several of those eminences which adorn this part of the kingdom,—particularly (beginning on the left, and bringing the eye round to the right)

Lanifhen hill, near Trellick, and the Devauden do. on Chepftow road.
The grand Went-wood, which comes down near to Caerleon.
Mr. Nicholl's firs, near Caerleon.
Gwhellog common, the road to Uſk. The hill in front is Troftree hill.
Beyond it, The hills near Pont-y-pool, leading on to
The Great Blorens, near Abergavenny.

Turning to the West Aspect:

The foreground, rich meadow and paſture land (formerly fiſhponds.)
In front,—Brungwyn church and village, with the reſidence of Mr. David Morgan, who has a good eſtate there.
The terminations are,—The Blorens, The Little Skerrith, The Sugar-Loaf,—and The Great Skerrith.
The farm houſe in front, is called Pen-y-park [head of the park.]
Beyond it, Pen-y-twyn [head of the tump.]

No part now remains among the many which adjoined it, on which we can enjoy such an agreeable walk as on this, for the other terraces are either planted with fruit trees, or overgrown with briers. The fiſh-ponds, which were in the valley, being converted into meadow ground, greatly decreases the view,—for WATER is the only ornament wanted to finish the Landscape. Could we perſuade the River Uſk to wind its playful courſe before this part of the Caſtle, the ſcenery would be complete.

At

At the upper end of the terrace stands a venerable Elm Tree, worthy the stranger's notice for its size, measuring twenty-six feet in girth; and the two limbs, which grow from the head of the trunk, spread their arms twenty-two feet. This tree is of great age, for the bark which cloaths it is nearly four inches thick.

Under the protection of its widely extended branches a neat SEAT has lately been erected, by some Ladies and Gentlemen,—particular friends of the writer,—for the accommodation of Visitors to the Castle, principally with the view to the perusal of these pages in the undisturbed shade;—and any additional information the better read mind may impart, will be received by the Printer with every degree of respect his best obligations can frame.

Having attended the stranger round the Castle, and noticed every circumstance I deemed worth his attention; I will now make a few Cursory Observations on the building, and other appendages to this once magnificent edifice.

GENERAL

GENERAL REMARKS

ON

RAGLAND CASTLE.

MR. GROSE, "in his Antiquities of England and Wales," observes, "That this Castle is of no great "antiquity; its foundations are said to have been laid "about the time of Henry the Seventh [1485—1506], "since which, additions have been made at different "periods. Leland thus describes it:

"Ragland, yn middle Venceland, ys a fair and plea-"sant Castel, 8 miles from Chapstow and 7 from Ber-"gevenny, the Towne by ys bare, ther lye to goodly "Parkes adjacent to the Castel."

And in another place,—"Morgan told me that one "of the laste Lord Herbertes builded al the beste logges "of the Castel of Ragland."

Camden calls it "a fair house of the Earl of Wor-"cester's built Castel ways."—

I know not on what authority he fixes so late a date as the reign of Henry VII. for its erection, since Mr. Collins informs us, in the "Pedigree of Herbert," that Sir John Morley, knt. Lord of Ragland Castle, resided here in the reign of Richard II. [1377—1399.] Mr. Jones's

Jones's MS. says, it was built by Sir William Thomas, and his son William earl of Pembroke, who was beheaded at Banbury. Sir W. Thomas lived in the reign of Henry V. [1413] and was present with the king at the memorable battle of Azincourt, in defending whom, in company with Sir David Gam, he lost his life, his Majesty bestowing on him the honor of knighthood before he died. The earl of Pembroke was beheaded in the 8th of Edward IV. 1469, so that both these testimonies directly contradict his assertion. The ornamental parts of the interior might have been afterwards added, as our national taste improved; but as the towers and principal parts possess great uniformity, as well with regard to the stone, as to the style of architecture, I yield my opinion, and so, I presume, will the Reader, to those writers whose authority I have quoted.

Mr. Williams, in the History of Monmouthshire, has followed Mr. Grose, without assigning any reason for so doing; but after the above observation, further refutation is unnecessary.

Nothing could have been more happily chosen in point of situation,—it occupies a pleasing eminence, which is easy of access; and as the PARKS, which surrounded it, are all converted into farms, which are in a high state of cultivation, the whole neighbourhood assumes the most luxuriant and cheerful appearance.

Mr. Lewis Richards, of Troy House, Steward to the Duke of Beaufort, having kindly permitted me to inspect a Map of the Castle Farm, I am by that means enabled

enabled to say, that the space of ground within the Castle Walls measured *four acres, two roods, and one perch.*

In casting the eye over the whole of this building, the mind is astonished at the infinite labour which must have been exerted to collect together such a quantity of materials of different descriptions. It should be observed, that the generality of these edifices are placed on, or near, the bank of a navigable river (for the purpose of defending some important pass or place), by which means the carriage of stone is attended with little trouble; but in the present instance, there is no navigable river nearer the Castle than the Wye, from which it is distant, at Monmouth, eight miles,—at Chepstow twelve. Besides, there does not appear any quarry in the country of the same kind of stone as that with which it is built, which is of light-grey colour, and very hard; nor has the writer been able to obtain, from any well-informed friend, the place from whence it was collected. No such stone as that used for the chimney pieces, and other ornaments, is to be met with in Monmouthshire.

Our ancestors appear to have been particularly well skilled in the composition of their *cement*, which is now nearly as hard as the stones it holds together. Even the people of the country, when they were ordered to rendezvous at the Castle, with *pick-axes*, in order to destroy it, "after tedious battering of the top," were obliged to desist from that method as fruitless, and adopt other arts for its demolition. Yet though more than 150 years have since passed away, it remains now as firm as the first day it was laid.

Nor

Nor are the ARCHITECS who built it less deserving of our praise,—for such is the neatness and exactness with which the facing stones are laid, that they exhibit the same perfect appearance as though the artist had but just left the scaffold. The BRICKS which compose the South wall, are not deficient in point of durability with the stone, being extremely well burnt; but this ceases to be a matter of surprise, when we consider how peculiarly adapted the soil is for such a purpose.

We can now form but a very imperfect opinion of the extent to which the Out-Works were carried. When the estates of ancient families are set out for profit, the tenant soon brings about a revolution of former purposes,—or in other words, adopts ancient uses to modern manners. What are lawns, or slopes, or bowling-greens, to a Farmer?—his attention is directed to what will best pay his rent. He calculates how many bushels of potatoes will grow on the slope, and whether the lawn is most valuable under pasturage or tillage. Just so has it fared with Ragland, every succeeding occupier having converted the adjoining places into what he deemed most conducive to his interest.

Of the PARKS we have better information. Though we cannot positively fix their limits, some nominal remains aid our determination. I am of opinion that, independent of the farms now occupied by my friend Mr. Chambers, and Mr. Thomas Daniel (which form near 600*l.* per annum), the following estates were included in them, viz.

The

The Lower Argoed, Mr. Edward Jefferies.
The Tysha, Mr. James Powell.
The Lodge, Mr. — —
Pen-y-Park, Mrs. Williams.
The Warrage, Mr. Benjamin Williams.

These I conceive to have formed the "HOME PARKS," (beside other places of less note), the whole together making a large rental. In some places the PARKY APPEARANCE of the land still remains, the soil not having been broke up for centuries, but they are mere fragments, no better grain growing in the kingdom than on the above farms.

It is expressly mentioned, in the list of Officers belonging to Ragland Castle, that there were *two Keepers of the Home Park, and two Keepers of the Red Deer Park*;* hence it must be inferred, that they were *separate* and *distinct* from each other. In support of this opinion, I have the authority of Mr. J. Croft, of the Tump, near Lanarth, for asserting, that his father, who lived at Llandilo Cressenny, knew a very old inhabitant of that parish, whose ancestors had told him, that *the Farm Mr. Croft occupied was part of the* RED DEER PARK, *and that they had seen the Deer feeding in it.* As Llandilo is not more than four miles from Ragland, and knowing that Mr. Croft would not publish an assertion at the expence of his veracity, the information may be deemed interesting at this day, as it enables us to ascertain, in some measure, the boundary of these demesnes.

* Hondius's Map of the County, in Speed's History of Britain, marks them both, by incircling them with paling.

That

That they were of great extent cannot be doubted, if an opinion was to be formed only from the Timber that grew thereon.

According to the account of Nichols, "All the timber in the three parks, that lay to the house, was cut down, and sold by the Committees for Sequestration, the offal of which (for there was no Coppice Wood in any of the Parks,) amounted, according to the Sub Committees (who were not used to acknowledge the utmost of the profits they made,) to 37,000 cords of wood, by which the value of the timber may be a little guessed at. The lead that covered the Castle was sold for six thousand pounds; and the timber, a great part of it to Bristol, to build up the houses upon the bridge, which happened to have been lately burnt. The loss to this family in the house and woods, has been modestly computated at one hundred thousand pounds, besides at least as great a sum lent to his then Majesty, by the Marquis, and the maintaining the garrison of Ragland, and the raising and maintaining two several armies at his own expence, commanded by his son Edward earl of Glamorgan; and the Sequestration from 1646, and afterwards the sale of that whole estate by the Rump [Parliament,] which amounted, as appears by that year's audit, to twenty thousand pounds per annum! and was not restored till the Restoration of King Charles II. in 1660, when Edward, then Marquis of Worcester, had the possession delivered him of that part of that estate he had not, during that necessitous time, sold and passed away."

Heavy as the "iron hands of Cromwell," or rather of the Parliament, fell on this mansion, the demolition it at present exhibits did not proceed wholly from the weight of their authority. By Mr. Tregoze I was informed, that during the life-time of the late Duke of Beaufort's father, Ragland Castle was considered as a kind of perennial spring, or fountain that flowed for ever, for the supply of whatever materials were wanted for the repair of his estates. Was a barn or a stable to be built, here was the stone and timber;—did they want the aid of the mason, from hence were their declining frames to be invigorated. In short, to every possible necessity this Castle administered its assistance.

Nor need I use any argument to prove the truth of this assertion; for the stranger, in visiting a tenement, called the Lower House, will observe many of the stones in the wall that have withstood the shock of musquetry, and other efforts of war,—evidently declaring the place from whence they came.

At that time, Mr. Harding, an attorney, who resided at Chepstow, was Steward; and under him was employed, as Surveyor, or Chief Carpenter, a person of the name of Hopkins, who might be deemed (but who acted with the authority of his master), the GRAND DILAPIDATOR, after the Parliamentary devastations had been accomplished. One mason told Mr. Tregoze, from whom I received the information, that he had, by Mr. Hopkins's orders, *taken down twenty-three stair-cases, besides chimney pieces, window frames*, &c.

But

But, when the late Duke of Beaufort came into possession of his father's titles and estates, the weapons of destruction were arrested from the hands of the spoiler, and every avenue blocked up to prevent a future demolition, by giving strict orders, that not a stone should be moved from its then situation, under any pretence whatever, which injunction is rigidly attended to by the agents of the present day.

So far as this mandate is connected with the preservation of the Castle, the public will receive with pleasure the information it conveys;—but enemies, equally, if not more, destructive than the mason, are daily sapping its beauties, I mean the *ivy* and *underwood*,—the former of which is growing so thickly on its sides, and the latter to such an height, as totally to exclude the pencil of the artist from any other views of the building except the first and second Courts of the Castle.

Mr. Rushworth has remarked, "That the Castle of "Ragland was a very *strong place*,"—which, says Mr. Tregoze, is far from the truth, being only a proper house for a Nobleman's residence and family seat, until converted into a garrison, to serve the purposes of the Civil War.

Equally erroneous is the observation, "that it was "encompassed with a deep moat," as it goes only along the South front;—as also in describing "a river run-"ning by it;" because there never was any river within several miles of the Castle, only a small brook, or running

ning stream, that supplied the fishponds, which lay on the South and West sides of it, one above the other, so that it might have some appearance of a river to strangers, they forming almost a continual sheet of water, from one dam head to the other, and made altogether a very extensive water, which has been, since the surrender of the place, converted into meadows. The dam heads still remain, and might, for a small expence, be put into proper repair.

Not only in my walks with Mr. Chambers about his farm to superintend his labourers, but also on all other occasions when opportunity presented itself, I have made enquiry among the aged of the parish, "if they "had heard their fathers or relations speak of any cir-"cumstance connected with history of the castle," but none of them were able to add to the information of Mr. Tregose, except in one instance, where a servant said, "he had heard his parents speak of some of their "ancestors having been taken, when children in arms, "to see King Charles I. play at bowls with the Earl's "family on the green of the castle."

Mr. Wm. Morgan, of Brungwyn, near Ragland, was living when I first began this publication in 1792, and in good spirits, tho' nearly 100 years old. To this gentleman I wished Mr. Chambers to introduce me; but in all my visits to Ragland, the kindness of my friend would never suffer me to leave his house, thinking it *too soon* to set out, after a walk from Monmouth, before I had refreshed myself with a good dinner, and when the

the table was garnished with bottles, it was *too late* afterwards; so that he sunk to rest without my having any conversation with him.—A great loss to the interest of these pages.

A noble pewter dish, such as the Barons of old were used to have on their tables, 25 inches in diameter, and decorated with armorial bearings, was presented to Mr. Chambers, by his son, the late Mr. Charles Morgan; which, with goodly grace, stood pre-eminent above its fellows in the kitchen of the Beaufort Arms Inn,—nor did it loose any of its dignity, when sustaining, as Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's song says,

"*A* HAUNCH, *piping hot, from the Sanctum Sanctorum.*"

But the assessor of taxes compelled Mr. Chambers to deface the arms, unless he consented to pay the duty on them, so that its ornaments have since been prudently obliterated.

Supply of the Castle with Grain.

I have in my possession a very curious document, being "the Resolutions of the principal persons in the "Town and Manor of Monmouth, for the supply of the "Earl of Worcester with grain, during the siege of "Ragland Castle;"—by which it appears, that in one week 298 bushels of different sorts of corn and malt were sent to the storehouse in Monmouth, to be from thence delivered at Ragland, and in such quantities, as may be deemed necessary for its use.

The

The articles of superior necessity appear to have been *wheat*, *mault*, and *oates*, particularly the latter, which are given to *Tom the coachman*, *Tom the groom*, *the poultrey*, and *oxen*, and are set down at the value of 13*d* per bushel. But this, I am informed by an intelligent friend, is a higher price than they were sold at within his memory, 10*d*. being then the customary charge in this market, —as they were only used to give the poultry. Wheat was also sold at Monmouth for 3*s* 6*d* a bushel.

The title of the MS. is as follows:

"Maner De Monoth, in Membris.

"Wee whose names are hereuntó subscribed, being "tenants within the the said Man. or Ldpp. do hereby "subscribe and engage to give unto the Right Honble "Charles Somersett Earle of Worcester, Ld. of this "Mannor, with its Members, such quantitys of Corne "as each tenant shall subscribe hereby to give, in tes- "timony of our duty and respect unto him."

The first subscriber is Henry Milbourne, for twenty bushels of wheat and twenty bushels of oats. Unfortunately the year is omitted. It commences with the month of October, and is continued to the 9th of Feb. following. Certainly it must allude to the period under consideration; for at any other time, and under any other circumstances, this contribution would have been deemed unnecessary.

CON-

CONFERENCE BETWEEN GENERAL FAIRFAX AND THE EARL OF WORCESTER.

We are told by Mr. Rushworth, That the garrison of Ragland was no sooner marched forth after its surrender, but General Fairfax entered the Castle, took a view of it, and had some CONFERENCE with the Earl; which conversation the Book of "Apothegms" has fortunately preserved.

"After much conference betwixt the Marquess and General Fairfax, "wherein many things were requested of the General by the Marquess, "and being as he thought himself happy in the attainment, his Lordship "was pleased to make a merry petition to the General as he was taking "his leave, viz. in the behalf of a COUPLE of PIGEONS, which were wont "to come to his hand, and feed out of it constantly, in whose behalf he "desired the General that he would be pleased to give him his pro-"tection for them, fearing the little command that he should have over "his soldiers in that behalf. To which the General said, I am glad to "see your Lordship so merry. Oh, said the Marquess, you have given "me no other cause, and hasty as you are, you shall not go until I "have told you a story:

"There were two men going up Holborn in a cart to be hanged, one "of them being very merry and jocund, gave offence unto the other, "who was sad and dejected, insomuch as that the downcast man said "unto the other, I wonder brother that you can be so frolick, considering "the business we are going about. Tush, answered the other, thou "art a fool, thou wentest a thieving, and never thought what would "become of thee, wherefore being on a sudden surprized, thou fallest "into such a shaking fit, that I am ashamed to see thee in that condition, "whereas I was resolved to be hanged before ever I fell to stealing; "which is the reason, nothing happening strange, or unexpected, I go so "composed unto my death:—So said the Marquess,

"I resolved to undergo whatsoever, even the worst of evils that "you were able to lay upon me, before ever I took up arms for my "Soveraign, and therefore wonder not that I am so merry."

SIR

SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX'S CAMP.

TRADITION has preserved the SITUATION it occupied,—for the spot of ground, from whence his Letters to the Marquis of Worcester are dated, retains the name of "The Leaguer Fields" at the present day, and forms a part of Mr. Daniel's and Mr. Edward Jefferies's farms.

From a survey of the place, it appears, that the Parliament army commenced the siege with the most certain hope of speedily reducing the garrison to their authority, as no remains of entrenchments, or other shelter from the arms of their enemies, are to be traced in any of the fields which the writer has walked over.

It occupied a ridge of land in the park, about half a mile, or rather more, to the eastward of the Castle, being the most convenient eminence from which it could be approached,—with this particular recommendation, a near and plentiful supply of water.

Mr. E. Jefferies (whose ancestors have rented and lived on the estate he now occupies for many generations,) informed me, that in a piece of land near the Leaguer, called the "Forest Field," he has found great quantities of musquet balls, when ploughing it for tillage; and if any rain fell in the night after their day's labour, bullets were plentifully to be picked up on the surface of the soil.

COINS, and other CURIOUS ARTICLES, were also numerous;—but being then a boy, and not estimating their

their value, himself and brothers were used to bore holes through the pieces of money, and wear them on a string round their necks for ornament, or gave them to their play-fellows. Not a vestige of them now remain in his possession, or they would be at the writer's service.

At the back of the Camp, within the distance of a few hundred yards, were very extensive fish-ponds, occupying twenty acres of land, and richly stocked with all kinds of fish. Mr. Jefferies says, that when these waters had swoln their banks after rain, and retired again to their bounds, his family were used to pick up, on the grass, a sufficient quantity of fish to serve them for several days, or as long as the sight of them could be endured. As these ponds were without any protection of railing, the cattle at feed were used to retire hither in the heat of the summer,—but from the nature of the soil, which is a stiff clay, and the depth of the water, whatever beast entered was irrecoverably drowned. Mr. Jefferies attempted to guard against so heavy a loss as he frequently sustained, by a strong fence; but as this barrier was overcome by agility, his father obtained leave to turn them into meadow land; in consequence of which, the dam heads were cut through, and the water drained off, but their form and extent may be exactly traced at the present day. The pond on the Lower Lodge farm, was equal in extent to those on Mr. Jefferies's when united, and has shared a similar fate. Mr. Jefferies also observes, that the quantity of Fish taken, when the pools were drawn off, exceeded calculation.

COINS.

As a circumstance connected with the History of the Castle, the writer has been diligent in his inquiries among the inhabitants of Ragland, respecting the COINS, which accident, or family bequest, might have put into their possession; but, in this particular, little gratifying has resulted from the search. To Mr. George I am indebted for the following information:

A few years ago, a labourer employed to remove some rubbish in the fold-yard * opposite his house, found a pot of money; but being ignorant of the value (or rather wishing to exclude all participation of the treasure,) and an itinerant Israelite passing by at the moment, who saw the artful rustic contemplating his riches, the *cunning Isaac* immediately made up to him, and, at the price of three shillings and sixpence, obtained the vessel, with the whole of its contents. A loose piece Mr. George afterwards picked up, which he gave to one of his daughters, who favoured me with the sight of it, which proved to be an half groat of King Edward the Fourth's reign. This coin is not rare with collectors, its chief value arises from confirming the local history of the spot where it was found. The Herbert family, in the reign of this monarch, was honoured with the title of Earl of Pembroke.

* The building now in existence within the wall, is all that remains of the original Village Inn. According to information (I believe obtained from Mr. Jones's MS.) it was called "The Crown," and here situated, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This circumstance is intitled to belief, for the meadows which lie below, and belong to Mr. Chambers's farm, retain the name of "The Crown Fields," to the present time.

Other

Other pieces, of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James and Charles the First, &c. have also been shewn to me, but not one of them deserved a pardon from the crucible of the silversmith, to which they were speedily to be consigned.

Mr. Tregoze informed me, that when the Moat was cleared, a considerable number of different pieces of Coin were found here by the labourers, which Mrs. Evans took care to preserve,—but on the arrival of the late Duchess Dowager of Beaufort at Ragland, soon after to view the Castle, the *Country Goody*, in the simplicity of her heart, got out all this newly acquired treasure, and after *washing* and *cleaning* of it, to make it *bright* and more worthy her offering, placed the pieces on a large pewter dish, and advancing with several *profound dips*, presented them to the Duchess for acceptance, which were received by her with much apparent satisfaction.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LIBRARY,

AT RAGLAND.

Every reader of taste will receive with sorrow the information when he is told, that the Library at this Castle, belonging to the Marquis of Worcester, esteemed *one of the first in Europe*, was *totally destroyed.*

After such an acknowledged fact, what hopes, even under the highest patronage, could the best informed writer entertain, of producing a satisfactory History of the Public Transactions of this County?

CHURCH

CHURCH NOTES.

FOR RAGLAND.

CHURCHES are the usual places of resort to obtain contemporary notices of the old possessors of the neighbouring mansion. There we expect to see the figure of the ancient warrior, with his wife and children, either traced in brass on the floor; or resting his gigantic limbs, clad in armour, on some richly adorned altar tomb; or against the wall, kneeling under the canopy of some ornamented arch-work, with his hands clasped in prayer, before a desk. These cannot deceive; they realize the splendor of former times. The mind is delighted with the certainty of such embodied memorials of those, who in the days of the Plantagenets, and the Tudors, walked and danced in those galleries, and caroused in those halls, it has just been inspecting, with an imagination so full of the manners of past centuries.

Regarding Ragland as an *ancient Barony*, the stranger will naturally expect to find some grand monumental record of the *Herbert* and *Beaufort* families, but *here* his hopes will be disappointed; for their sepultural fame is dispersed over many parts of the kingdom, viz. in Chepstow and Abergavenny churches; in the Beaufort Chapel, Windsor; a part in the vault of this Chancel; and in the Church at Badminton, in Glocestershire (in which parish his Grace's seat is situated, and where the family

family have resided since the destruction of Ragland Castle); so that no succession can be traced, if we except Badminton, in any one spot, for more than a single generation.

The CHURCH of RAGLAND, which is situated in the centre of the village, is a very plain structure, with a square embattled tower at the West end; and, from appearance, its foundation is of no very early date,—probably after the Castle,—as the stone and architecture are quite correspondent with that edifice. It consists of a lofty nave without side-isles, vaulted and ceiled, and measures from East to West forty-one yards. Over the pulpit was a gallery, the breadth of the church, but the stone stairs, which led to it, are all that remain.

On the North side of the Chancel is a Chapel of the Beaufort family, ten yards long by five wide, where in a vault underneath are deposited a small part of the Duke's ancestor's. In this Chapel, under a canopy, are two whole length recumbent figures, male and female, in white marble, with cushions under their heads and feet, but much mutilated, being broken or defaced in every part, though the collar and other insignia of a Knight of the Garter are still discernible. These statues serve, as is generally supposed, to perpetuate the memories of Edward fourth Earl of Worcester, and Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, who died in 1621, and was buried here, as was also the said Earl Edward, who was a Knight of the Garter, and died in 1627. These were the parents of the Earl that surrendered the Castle.

The

The recess in the wall, under the canopy, I presume contained an Inscription illustrative of the above characters; but the same barbarous hands that destroyed their effigies, no doubt carried away or defaced it.

Above, in the eaves board, are nine irons, from which the banners, or armorial bearings, of the family were suspended,—now destroyed or worn away,—but an ancient helmet, or head-piece, in the centre, as also the Beaufort crest, a Portcullis, retain their situations.

On the 8th of June 1795, in consequence of the falling in of part of the pavement of this Chapel, in which his Grace's ancestors lie interred, I was enabled by the aperture to descend; and, with the assistance of a candle, to survey this receptacle for departed grandeur.

It forms a square of about 4 yards, vaulted at top;—and at the right end is a small recess, about 3 yards long, and 4 feet wide.—In this place, on the ground, are two figures enclosed in lead; one of them is of a very early date,* being according to the ancient mode of burial, viz. the exact shape of the body at full length, with only the eyes, nose, and mouth formed on the metal, similar to some stone figures which lie on the south side of the chancel in the church of Abergavenny; but without any appendage of sword, or dagger; or cushion or emblem at the head or feet. The other figure is wrapt in lead, devoid of any form, or care whatever.

* The opinion of a well informed friend is, that it cannot have lain there less than four hundred years.

The

The vault contains six large coffins, and a small one; the latter is that of the infant Lady Mary Somerset. The substance of wood, which covered the lead, had all mouldered away (the plates which contained the Inscriptions being found on the ground;) even that of Lady Granville's, which was of oak, covered with crimson velvet, was quite decayed. and, on being touched, crumbled into powder.

I copied all the inscriptions on the coffin of this Lady, which are engraved on square pieces of copper, and are to be read as follows, viz.

I.

" Illustrissimi Principis Edwardi, Marchionis et Comi-
" tis Wigorniæ, Comitis de Glamorgan, Baronis Her-
" bert de Ragland, et qui obijt apud Londini tertio die
" Aprilis, A. Dni. M,DC;LXVII."

TRANSLATION.

The most Illustrious Prince Edward, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, and Baron Herbert of Ragland, who died at London, the third day of April, in the year of our Lord 1667.

" *Loyal to his Prince, a true lover of his Country,*
" *And to his Friend most constant.*".

This Nobleman, the eldest son and heir of Henry Marquis of Worcester, succeeded his father (who surrendered Ragland Castle,) anno 1646, in all his honours, was the second Marquis of Worcester, and by King Charles I. was constituted Lord Lieutenant of South Wales; which King also directed several letters to this Edward, in the life time of the Marquis his father, by the title of Earl of Glamorgan; which title he had conferred upon him, as also that of Baron Beaufort, of Caldicot Castle, in the county of Monmouth.

*** There was not any PLATE to the Memory of the MARCHIONESS.

II.

CAST IN LEAD, BELOW THE ARMS:

" Corpus Caroli Somerset, Nobilis Angli & Ducibus
" Beaufort, obiit Romæ, A. D. M,DCC,X. Mart. 4th,
" Ætat. XXI."

[The Plumber ſhould have left us a Tranſlattion of HIS OWN Latin.]

ON A PLATE:

" The Body of the Hon. Lord Charles Somerset, Bro-
" ther to his Grace Henry Duke of Beaufort, Second
" Son of the Right Hon. Charles Marquis and Earl of
" Worcester, by Rebecca his Lady, Daughter of Sir
" Josiah Child, of Wansted, in the County of Essex,
" Knt. who died in his Travels at Rome, the 4th of
" March 1710, N. S. in the 21st Year of his Age."

III.

" Rebecca Lady Granville, third Daughter to Sir Josiah
" Child, Bart. Her first husband was Charles Lord
" Marquis of Worcester, eldest Son to his Grace Henry
" Duke of Beaufort: By whom she had issue Henry
" Duke of Beaufort, Lady Mary Somerset, Lady Eliz-
" abeth Somerset, Lord Charles Somerset, Lady Hen-
" rietta Somerset, and Lord John Somerset. Her
" second Husband was John Lord Granville, Bart. of
" Potheridge, second son to John Earl of Bath, by
" whom she had no Issue. Died the 27th Day of July,
" in the 44th Year of her Age."

[This Lady was the last of the Beaufort Family buried at Ragland.]

The

The husband of Lady Granville was second son to Henry first Duke of Beaufort, (by Mary Capel his wife, eldest daughter of Arthur Lord Capel, beheaded March 1698) was godson to King Charles II.—but in leaping out of his coach, to avoid the danger he was in, from the unruliness of his horses running down a steep hill with him, he broke his thigh bone, of which he died three days after, on the 13th of July, 1698, aged 38.

IV.

" The Right Hon. John Lord Somerset, third Son of
" Charles Marquis of Worcester, eldest Son and Heir
" Apparent of Henry Duke of Beaufort and Rebecca
" his Wife, Daughter of Sir Josiah Child, Baronet.
" Departed this Life the 31st December, 1704, in the
" 10th Year of his Age."

V.

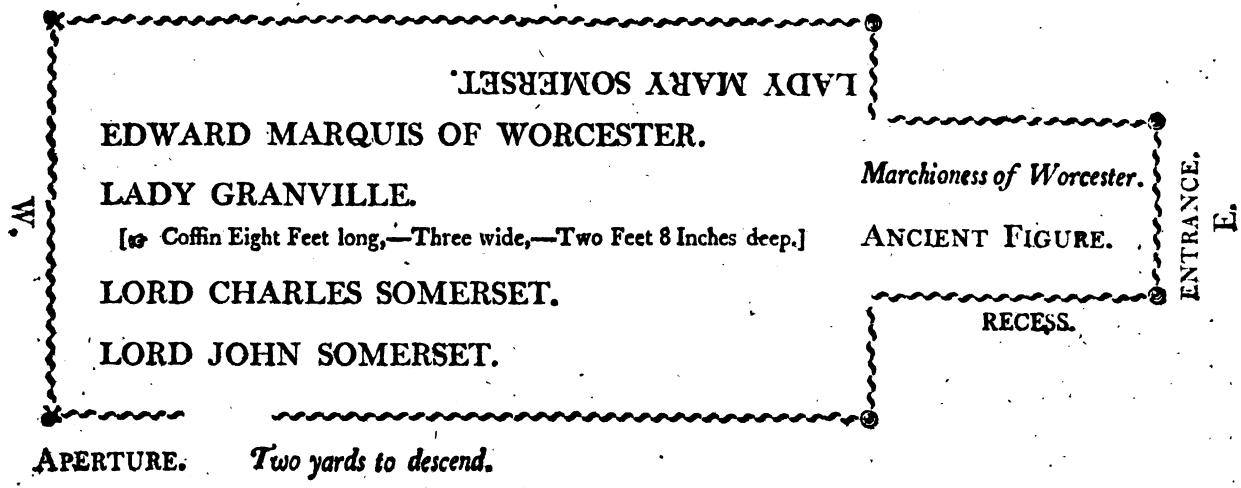
" The Lady Mary Somerset, Daughter to the most
" Honourable Charles Marquis of Worcester, by Re-
" becca Daughter to Sir Josiah Child, of Wansted, in
" Essex, Bart. and Grand-daughter to his Grace Henry
" Duke of Beaufort. Born Sunday the 7th of Febru-
" ary, and died the 8th of the same Month, Anno
" Domini 1685-6."

☞ Soon after this visit, the Vault was closed up in such a firm and secure manner, as in all human probability never to be again exposed to public view.

The Living of Ragland is a small Vicarage, of which the Rev. C. Phillips, of Monmouth is the present Incumbent. *The Duke of Beaufort is Patron.*

FORM OF THE VAULT,

WITH THE ORDER IN WHICH THE FAMILY ARE PLACED.



COLLECTANEA.

MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

On the surrender of Ragland Castle to the Army of the Parliament, the Marquis of Worcester, in violation of the treaty with Sir Thomas Fairfax, was committed into the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod; but the period of his confinement was of short duration, for he died in December following, four months after the destruction of his House, and was buried with his ancestors in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where a very splendid monument covers his remains. Some authors say, "he was committed to the Tower, where he ended his days,"—but that opinion is not generally credited.

The Reader must permit me to introduce a few more Anecdotes, relating to the nobleman, whose fortune has engaged so much of our attention.

When it was told his Lordship not long before he dyed, that leave was obtained by the Parliament, that he might be buried in Windsor Castle, within the great Chappel, and wherein divers of his ancestors lie buried, with some sprightliness he spake aloud, "God bless us "all, why then I shall take a better Castle when I am "dead, then they took from me whilst I was alive."

Whilst

Whilst he was under the custody of the Black Rod, for his loyalty to his Sovereign, and the resistance that he made to the forces of the Parliament, he said to a friend of his one day, Lord bless us, what a fearfull thing was this Black Rod when I heard of it at first! It did so run in my mind, that it made an affliction out of mine own imaginations; but when I spoke with the man, I found him a very civil gentleman, but I saw no black rod. So, if we would not let these troubles and apprehensions of ours be made worse by our own apprehensions, *no rods would be black.*

Dr. Baily living at Ragland Castle 3 years, in all that time never saw man drunk, nor heard an oath amongst any of all his servants, and very rare it was to see a better ordered Family, but that which was most wonderful was, half his servants being Protestants, and half Papists, yet never were at variance in point of Religion: which was brought about by prohibiting disputation, neither was any man less accepted for his Religion, if his service was acceptable, but when the Castle was filled with Officers and Souldiers, he used to be much grieved to hear and see the Oaths and drunkenness, that was then and there too much practised; insomuch, that when some of his chief Officers had told him how they had fortified such and such a place so and so, and that here the enemy could not come, and there it was impossible, I, but said my Lord, you have left the main place open and unfortified, you have made no fortification against heaven, for there is such swearing and drunkenness amongst

amongst you, that I fear me, that from thence will come your greatest enemy, and you have made no provision against him.

The Marquess a little before he dyed, having addressed himself to the House of Peers, and having found very hard usage from them, broke forth into these expressions. Oh said he, When the Noblest and highest elements Court the noise of their Waves, the truest Emblem of the madness of the people, and when the highest Region stoops unto the lower, and the lowest gets up into the highest seat, What can be expected but a Chaos of confusion and desolation of the universe? I do believe, that they are so near unto their end, that as weak as I am, there is Physic to be had, if a man could find it, to prolong my days, that I might outlive their honours.

During the siege of Ragland, there came a musquet bullet in at the window of the withdrawing room, where my Lord was used to entertain his friends with his pleasant discourses after dinners and suppers, which glancing upon a little marble pillar of the window, and from thence hit the Marquiss upon the side of the head, and fell down flatted upon the table, which breaking the pillar in pieces, it made such a noise in the room, that the Countess of Glamorgan, who stood in the same window, ran away, as if the house had been falling down on her head, crying out, O Lord, O Lord; but herself more afraid than hurt, she returned back again, no less excusing

excusing herself, as she was pleased to call it rudeness to her father, than acknowledging her fears to all the company: to whom the Marquiss said, daughter, you had reason to run away, when your father was knocked on the head; and pausing some while, and turning the flatted bullet round with his finger, he further said, Gentlemen, those who had a mind to flatter me, were wont to tell me, that I had a good head-piece in my younger days; but if I do not flatter myself, I think I have a good head-piece in my old age, or else it would not have been *musquet proof*.

At the King's being at Ragland, there were some information given of some Gentlemen of the county, who were supposed to have done his Majesty many ill offices, by withdrawing the hearts of the people from his Majesty; these men thus accused, were ordered to be laid hold of, and it was executed accordingly, and they being brought before his Majesty, it was moved by some, that they should be tried forthwith by a Commission of Oyer and Terminer, others advised his Majesty they should be sent to Hereford, and there to be kept in safe custody, until further consultation might be had concerning them, they excusing themselves as well as they could, one of them protesting his innocency with tears in his eyes; the King ordered that he should be released, being always prone to lean to pity rather than justice, and to favourable rather than rigid construction.

The

The KING coming back from ABERGAVENNY, where this was put in execution, told the Marquess what he had done, and that when he saw them speak so honestly, he could not but give some credit to their words, so seconded by tears, and withal told the Marquess that he had onely sent them to prison, whereupon the Marquess said, what to do? to poyson that Garrison? Sir, you should have done well to have heard their accusations, and then to have shewed what mercy you please. The King told him, that he heard they were accused by some contrary Faction, as to themselves, who out of distaste they bore to one another upon old grudges, would be apt to charge them more home than the nature of their offences had deserved: to whom the Marquess made this return, "Well Sir, you may "chance to gain you the Kingdom of heaven by such "doings as these, but if ever you get the Kingdom of "England, by such wayes, I will be your bondman."

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Not many hours before he dyed, reflecting upon the Articles that he had waived upon the Surrender of Ragland into the Parliaments hands, Ah Doctor said he, to Doctor Baily, If I had made use of the Articles, which you had procured in my behalf, I had not been now so near unto the end of my life, and the beginning of my happiness: I forsook life, liberty and estate which I might have had, and threw myself upon their mercy, which when I had done, if to seise upon all my goods, to pull down my house, to sell my estate, and to send for up such a weak body, as mine was, so enfeebled by

by diseases in the dead of winter, and the Winter of mine age, be merciful, What are they whose mercies are so cruel. Neither do I expect that they should stop at all this, for I fear they will persecute me after death: you tell me, that when I am dead, you will petition the Parliament for money to bury me, then will they appoint those who will dispose of the time and manner of my burial; and you shall see, that they (being it is so near the good time) will cause me to be buried according to the directory in spight of Christmas-day upon Christmas:—and so they did.

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The Reader will observe, that considerable use has been made of a book called the "*Apothegms of the Marquess of Worcester*," which carries with it an apology for extending this Work; but I trust it will receive his candor when he is informed, that independent of the curious particulars with which it makes us acquainted, respecting the nobleman to whom they relate, it employed two years diligent search to obtain, among the first sale libraries in the kingdom, with the additional aid of several friends, whose minds a kindred spirit directed to similar pursuits, all without effect,—and, at last, singularly obtained, by the unprecedented civility of a gentleman, with whom the cover of a Magazine made me accidentally acquainted.

But in whatever light the extracts may be viewed, it is by such means only (from the destruction of the library at Ragland Castle), that any information relating to the Marquis of Worcester is now to be obtained.

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KING CHARLES, MARQUIS OF WORCESTER, AND DOCTOR BAILEY.

THOUGH the *manners* and *features* of a country, in a work of this kind, are more peculiarly interesting to the stranger, I would not so far insult the good sense of the traveller by supposing, that the conversations of such characters as King Charles, Marquis of Worcester, and Dr. Bailey, his chaplain, which took place, in the hour of adversity, on the spot he has just surveyed with so much satisfaction, can be dismissed from his mind with apathy or indifference.

To the preceding anecdotes, which lay the hearts of the King and Marquis so open before us, we are presented with a further account of a most interesting interview, with the methods taken to effect it by Doctor Bailey, who was himself the means of bringing his Majesty and his Lordship together on the occasion. It may be considered as a beautiful EPISODE, arising out of the conversation, and written by the Doctor,—which shews us, that, after the battle of Naseby, the King retired to Ragland Castle, where he was always sure of meeting with a gracious reception, independent of the pecuniary aid he was further accommodated with by the Marquis. How pathetically does the Monarch here represent his distressed situation, after that decisive engagement; and with what cheerfulness are his wants relieved by his noble friend!

Many little traits in their respective circumstances are here made known to us,—only to be derived from such sources,—and we have to lament that the Doctor, when speaking of the DANGER from which he extricated the Marquis, which was the means afterwards of cementing an indissoluble friendship between them, did not descend to the particulars of such a singular event.

No person can be more averse to the extension of these pages, by the introduction of subjects not of general interest to the reader, than myself; but being only to be found in a work, equally scarce as the APOTHEGMS before mentioned, it will save the curious visitor some search, if he has not before perused the "Certamen Religiosum," from whence it has been extracted.

After a little prefatory matter, not of any moment, the Doctor thus proceeds:—

"THE KING being in the Marqefs's own houfe at Ragland, and neceffitated to borrow money to buy bread!! after fo great a lofs at [the battle of] Nazeby [June 15, 1645], the king being thus put to play the after game with the old marquefs, was a little mistruftful that he had not plaid the fore-game with him fo well, as that he had not thereby prejudiced the latter: for though the marquefs and his fon were the two ableft, and most forwardeft fhoulderers up of the declining throne, efpecially the chip of the old block, [the Earl of Glamorgan] whofe difpofition expreffed itfelf moft noble in not caring who had loved the king, fo that he might be but permitted to love Alexander; whom he affected, not only with the loyal refpects of a fubject towards his fovereign, but alfo, with fuch paffionate ways of expreffions, and laboriouſneſs in all good offices, as are wont to be predominate in thofe, in whom fympathy is the only ground of their

their affections; yet there were not wanting ſome kind of men, who made the averſneſs of this nobleman's religion, an occaſion of improving their own envies: which though it could never looſe him the leaſt ground in his maſter's good opinion of him, yet there were ſome things which happened, as having relation to this family, which were not altogether pleaſing; however, though his majeſty came thither, uſher'd by neceſſity, yet he came neither unwelcomed nor uninvited; and entertained as if he had been more king, by reaſon of ſome late atchivements, rather than otherwiſe; and though money came from him like drops of blood, yet he was contented that every drop within his body ſhould be let out at his command, ſo that he might perform ſo meritorious a piece of work, as (he thought the being an inſtrument of bringing the father of his country, to be ſon of his church) would be unto his ſouls health. The marqueſs having theſe reſolutions within himſelf, thought to give them breath at the ſame time, that his majeſty ſhould make his motion for a further ſupply of money, which he daily and hourly expected, but was deceived in his expectations: for the relation already having reached the king's ear, how an accident had made me no leſs fortunate to his lordſhip, than in being the means of preſerving his lordſhip's perſon, and no inconſiderable fortune then in the ſame venture with him, and how that I preſerved both the one and the other in concealing both: for the ſpace that the moon uſeth to be twice in riding of her circuit (the particulars hereof, here to inſert, would tend rather to much arrogance, than any purpoſe, wherefore I further forbear), until ſuch time as the truſt that providence had repoſed in me, was crowned with the ſame hand, with ſuch ſucceſs, as brought the Marqueſs ſafe to his own houſe in peace; which I had no ſooner brought to paſs, but the marqueſs drew from me a ſolemn engagement, "never to leave him ſo long as we both ſhould live," which I was careful to obſerve, "that I never left him in life, nor death, fair weather, nor foul, until ſuch time as he led me, and I laid him, under the ground in Windſor Caſtle, in the ſepulchre of his fathers."

And it was a ſtrange thing, that during the time that I was thus a bond-ſervant to his lordſhip, which was for the ſpace of twelve months thrice told, the difference in religion never wrought the leaſt difference in his diſpoſals of truſts of the higheſt nature upon me; but his ſpeeches often ſhewed his heart, and his often lending me his ear, that they were both as much mine as any man's; of which, it ſeems, his majeſty being informed, I muſt be the beetle-head, that muſt drive this wedge into the

royal

royal ſtock;—to be brief, I was engaged in the buſineſs; I could neither deny the employment, nor well tell how to go about it, I not knowing the marqueſs's drift all this while, thought the marqueſs had feared nothing more than what I myſelf was moſt afraid of, viz. That I ſhould be made an inſtrument to let the ſame horſe bleed, whom the king himſelf had found ſo free, that he was unwilling to give him the leaſt touch with the ſpur: howſoever I went about it, and thus began to tell his lordſhip:

" My lord, the thing that I feared is now fallen upon me; I am made " the unwelcome meſſenger of bad news, the king wants money:"—at which word, the marqueſs interrupted me, ſaying, " Hold, ſir, that is " no news,—go on with your buſineſs:" " My lord, ſaid I, there is " one comfort yet, that as the king is brought low, ſo are his demands, " and, like his army, are come down, from thouſands to hundreds: and " from paying the ſoldiers of his army, to buying bread for himſelf and " his followers! My lord, it is the king's own expreſſion, and his deſire " is but three hundred pound:" whereupon my lord made a long pauſe, before he gave me one word of anſwer, (I knowing by experience, that in ſuch caſes it was beſt leaving him to himſelf)—at laſt he called me nearer to him, and aſked me, " If the king himſelf had ſpoken unto me con- " cerning any ſuch buſineſs?"—to which I anſwered, " That the king " himſelf had not, but others did, in the king's hearing:"—whereupon he ſaid, " Might I but ſpeak unto him (but I was never thought worthy " to be conſulted with, though in matters merely concerning the affairs " of my own country), I would ſupply his wants, were they never ſo " great, or whatſoever they were." Whereupon I told his lordſhip, that " If the king knew as much, he might quickly ſpeak with him:" " Then " ſaid the marqueſs, the way to have him know ſo much, is to have " ſomebody to tell him of it." I aſked his lordſhip, " If he would give " me leave to be the informer? He told me, " he ſpake it to the ſame " purpoſe." I haſtened from him, with as much fear of being called back again, as I did towards the king, with a longing deſire of giving his majeſty ſo good an account of my ſo much doubted embaſſy.

" Half going and half running through the gallery, I was ſtopt in my way, by one Lieut.-Colonel Syllard, who told me, that if ever I had a mind to do my lord marqueſs, and the garriſon, any good, now was the time: for even now, one of the king's ſhips, had run herſelf on ground, under the town of Chepſtow: calling unto me the captain of her, (one Captain

Captain Hill,) who related unto me, that upon the ſurrender of Briſtol, he was forced to fly into the ſanctuary of the king's quarters, having formerly revolted from the parliament, (or rather returned to her due obedience) telling me, moreover, that ſhe was fraught with ſtore of goods and rich commodities, as ſugar, tobacco, linen of all ſorts, &c. and that the law, in ſuch a caſe, appropriated the king to ſuch a part of her lading, which I better underſtood then, than I can relate unto you now, and that ſhe had many fair braſs and iron guns in her, with proportionable ammunition, uſeful for the garriſon; and that for a word ſpeaking, I might have all this of the king, for the uſe of the garriſon; I (conſidering that it would be nevertheleſs the king's, for being converted to ſuch a uſe, as alſo the buſineſs I was about), made no doubt, but that I ſhould eaſily beg all this for the marqueſs, in conſideration of the great charges his lordſhip had been at, in entertaining his majeſty ſo long: neither was I deceived, for the king granted it willingly.

"But as to the matter in hand, I told his majeſty (a-part) "That "I had moved his lordſhip in matter of money, but found him a little "diſcouraged, in regard, that his majeſty having been twice at Ragland, "a month at a time, and that at neither of thoſe times he ever vouch-"ſafed his lordſhip ſo much honour, as once to call him to council, tho' "it was in his own houſe, and muſt needs be acknowledged, to be one "who knew the country, and the conſtitution of the inhabitants, better "than any other man, that was about his majeſty, had reaſon to under-"ſtand; wherefore I told the king, I thought his lordſhip lent my mo-"tion a deafer ear than he would have done, if his lordſhip had not been "thought ſo uſeleſs a creature; and that I perceived his lordſhip had a "deſire to have ſome conference with his majeſty, which being obtained, "I believed his majeſty's requeſt would be eaſily granted, and his ex-"pectations anſwered, in a higher meaſure than it may be his majeſty "did believe." The king ſaid, "With all my heart; and as to the "other buſineſs, which ſo much troubles my lord, in troth I have thought "it a neglect in us heretofore: but the true reaſon, why I did forbear "to do ſo, was, becauſe I thought, my Lord of Worceſter did not deſire "it; by reaſon of his retiredneſs, UNWIELDINESS OF BODY, and unwil-"lingneſs of mind to ſtir abroad; and therefore I thought it a content-"ment to him to be let alone." I told his majeſty, "that I did verily "believe his majeſty was in the right, in both reſpects, both of his ma-"jeſty's

" jeſty's and his lordſhip's; and that if his majeſty had called him to
" council, I do verily believe his lordſhip would have deſired to have been
" excuſed, but yet he did expect he ſhould have been called." Where-
upon the king ſaid, " I pray tell my lord of Worceſter, that I did not
" forbear that reſpect unto him, out of any diſeſtimation I had, either of
" his wiſdom or loyalty, but out of ſome reaſons I had to myſelf, which
" indeed reflected as much upon my lord as they did on me. For had he
" uſed to have come to the council board, it would have been ſaid, that I
" took no other council but what was conveyed unto me by Jeſuites, by
" his lordſhip's means: and I pray tell him, that was the true cauſe."
I told his majeſty, " that I would, and that I thought it an eaſy matter
" to cauſe him to believe no leſs;" but withal I intimated to his majeſty,
" that I knew the marqueſs had an earneſt deſire to have ſome private
" conference with his majeſty this night; which if granted, it might con-
" duce very much to his majeſty's behoof." The king ſaid, " How can
" that be." I told his majeſty, " that my lord had contrived it before
" his coming to the caſtle, and told his majeſty of the privacy of the con-
" veyance, and that therefore his lordſhip had appointed that for his bed
" chamber, and not in the great tower, which was the room he moſt
" eſteemed of all in the caſtle." Hereat his majeſty ſmiled, and ſaid,
" I know my lord's drift well enough: either he means to chide me, or
" elſe to convert me to his religion." Whereupon I told his majeſty,
" I doubted not but that his majeſty was temptation proof, as well as he
" was correction free; and that he might return the ſame man he went,
" having made a profitable exchange of gold and ſilver, for words and
" ſleep." At which the king ſuddenly replied, " I never received any
" of the marqueſs's gold but it was all weight, and I would have my
" words to be ſo with him; which cannot be, becauſe I have no time to
" weigh the matter, much leſs the words, that I ſhall ſpeak concerning it.
" I muſt expect to find my lord very well prepared, and all the force
" that is in argument againſt me. Had I been aware of it, or could
" ſtay, I would have taken ſome day's labour, to have been as hard for
" my lord as I could, and not to have given him ſuch an extempotary
" meeting, as both of us muſt be feign to ſteal from ſleep." " Sir, ſaid
I, " I am employed by you both, and muſt do your majeſty's ſervice as
" I may. This way I can, otherwiſe I know not. I do not think his
" lordſhip expects diſputation, but audience. What he hath to ſay, I
know

"know not; neither did I know that he had any ſuch intention, until "the time that I moved his lordſhip in your majeſty's behalf." "Well, "ſaid the king, my lord's deſires are granted; and if he have any ſuch "intention, I hope to let him know, that I will not be of a Religion I "am not able to defend againſt any man;—and let me hear from you "concerning the time and place."

So I departed his preſence, giving this pleaſing account unto the marqueſs, who tranſported with joy, commanded me to haſte unto the king, and tell him, that at eleven of the clock that night he would not fail to attend his majeſty in ſuch a place, whither he had given me direction to light his majeſty, which place of meeting was known by the name of my lord privy-ſeals chamber, who was father to this marqueſs, and died in it, wherefore this marqueſs would never ſuffer any man to lie in it afterwards, or ſcarce any body, ſo much as to come into it, which was the reaſon, why this chamber, at this time, was ſo conveniently empty, when all the rooms in the caſtle were more than full. And withall his lordſhip inſtructed me to attend near upon the time, in the with-drawing room, which was next unto his lordſhip's bed-chamber, and to clear the parlour, and the with-drawing room, if any company ſhould chance to ſit up ſo long, which was uſual at that time, through both which rooms my lord of Worceſter was to paſs, unto the place appointed: where, when I had once brought him, I ſhould leave him, and wait for the king's coming forth, giving me the key of his bed-chamber, wherewith he uſed always to lock himſelf in, and never to his laſt would ſuffer any man to lie in the ſame chamber with him, which happened well for the private managery of the buſineſs. And that in the interum, he would lie down upon the bed, and ſee if he could take a nap. I promiſed his lordſhip, that I would be punctual in my endeavours; only I made this objection unto his lordſhip, that it might be, that it might prove, more then I could perform at ſuch a preciſe time, as we were neceſſiated unto; if they ſhould be either unwilling, or think it ſtrange, to be hurried away all upon a ſudden; and beſides, ſo doing would draw ſuſpicion with it, that may ſet watchmen over the event of our affairs; whereat the marqueſs haſtily made anſwer, I will tell you what you ſhall do, ſo that you ſhall not need to fear any ſuch thing; go unto the yeomen of the wine cellar, and bid him leave the keys of the wine cellar with you, and all that you find in your way,

way, invite them down into the cellar, and ſhew them the keys, and I warrant you, you ſhall ſweep the room of them if there were a hundred. And when you have done, leave them there. I thought that objection ſufficiently ſalved, ſo took my leave, diſpoſing myſelf to a removal of all the blocks, that might be caſt in our way, I found not any. The time drawing near, that the dominical letter was to diſpute with the golden number, I opened the marqueſs's door, ſo ſoftly (fearing, to wake the two young gentlemen which waited upon my lord, and were in bed and aſleep in the next room, through which we were to paſs, and were reſolved to put it to a venture, whether we could do ſo, or no, but we paſt and repaſt, without any their taking the leaſt notice of us,) that the marqueſs himſelf did not hear me; when I came to him, I found him aſleep, whom I ſo wakened, by degrees, that he would needs perſuade me, that he had not ſlept at all. Yet telling him how the time was come wherein he was to meet the king; in amazement and a kind of horror, he aſked me, "what time? and what king?" at firſt, I thought it ſo ſtrange to him, becauſe he was as yet but a ſtranger to himſelf, as not being throughly awaked; but when I ſaw his fears begin to increaſe, by how much the more he came to himſelf, and to lay ſtronger and ſtronger hold upon him, expreſſing a great deal of unwillingneſs, to that which he formerly ſo much deſired, and with ſuch a kind of reluctancy, as might very well ſpread an appearance of ſome remorſe: I myſelf began to be afraid of being made an inſtrument in a deſign, that carried with it ſuch a conflict within the boſom of the actor; until my ſecond thoughts, baniſhed my firſt apprehenſion, and ſeconded my confidence of his lordſhip's innocence, being confirmed by the following expreſſion of his, "God bleſs us all: what if "we ſhould be diſcovered? what conſtruction would they make of our "doings? what advantage would they be ready to take of ſuch conſtruc-"tions? what if this harmleſs and innocent deſign of mine, ſhould be "thought a conſpiracy, ſuch a one as Gowries? then they will take an "occaſion to plunder me of all that I have: I proteſt I never thought of "this, I wiſh I never had attempted any ſuch thing:" whereupon I told his lordſhip, that it was now too late to entertain any ſuch fears, neither was there any ground for any ſuch jealouſy: whereat the marqueſs replyed, "fie, fie, I would to God that I had let it alone." I perceiving this tergiverſation to proceed out of an awefulneſs, which his loyal heart ever carried with it towards his ſacred majeſty, which might very well raiſe

doubts

doubts of a high nature, thus ſpake unto his lordſhip:—My lord, you know your own heart beſt; if there be nothing in your intentions but what is good and juſtifiable, you need not fear; if otherwiſe, it is never too late to repent;—at which words the marqueſs ſeemed to be much troubled, ſaying, Ah, Doctor, I thought I had been ſure of one friend, and that you would never have harboured the leaſt ſuſpicion of me: God knows my heart, I have no other intention towards his majeſty, than to make him a glorious man here, and a glorified ſaint hereafter. Then ſaid I, My lord, ſhake off theſe fears, together with the drowſyneſs that begat them:—Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe:—O, ſaid my lord, but I am not of that order; but, I thank God, I wear that motto about my heart to as much purpoſe, as they who wear it about their arms; and began to be a little pleaſant, and took a pipe of tobacco, and a little glaſs full of Aqua Mirabilis, and ſaid, Come now, let us go, in the name of God, croſſing himſelf. I had no ſooner brought my lord to the door of the meeting chamber, but the clock ſtruck eleven; whereupon I preſently left my lord, in the portal, where he would needs be, until ſuch time as the king were entered the room, and ſhould ſend for him him in, and went to the place where I was to expect the king, according to the intimation, which I had formerly given his majeſty.

I had not been long there, before his majeſty came forth, ſaying unto me, ſoftly, "I have eſcaped one danger; none within my chamber knows of my coming abroad this night." To which I anſwered, I hope there is nothing in the exploit ſo dangerous, as to deſerve ſuch a word:—to which his majeſty made anſwer, as I waited upon his majeſty, "Miſ-"priſons, evil conſtructions, and falſe judgments, are dangers worth "eſcaping at any time; and therefore, where I run a hazard, I always "eſcape a danger. They who carry only their own eyes in their head, "and have no other upon them, may go which way they pleaſe; but he "that hath all the people's eyes upon him, muſt look which way he goes,"—(by this time his majeſty was come into the chamber, who continuing in his ſaying, ſpake further),—"neither is it ſufficient for him to lead "theirs, according to the perſpicuity and quickneſs of his own; but he "muſt allow them the abatements, which either the diſtance of the object, "the indiſpoſition of the organ, or the mis-diſpoſition of ſome bad me-"diums may require in vulgar ſpirits, by reaſon of their incapacity of "looking further than appearance." I anſwered the king, May it pleaſe your moſt excellent majeſty, to give me leave to ſpeak, under the higheſt

correction, I conceive these to be singular good caveats, and antidotes against real evil, but not against appearances;—desiring his majesty to pardon me further, in regard that I had left my lord marquess in the dark. "O, said the king, you should have spoke sooner;—bring him "in." I left his majesty, and brought in the marquess; who coming in, leaning upon my arm (as he used to do), merrily began the discourse.

Marquess.—"Sir, I hope if they catch us in the act, it will not be deemed in me an act of so high conspiracy, in regard that I enter the Lists leaning upon a Doctor of your own Church. [Meaning Dr. Bayly.]"

King.—"My lord, I know not whether I should have a better opinion of your lordship for the doctor's sake, or a worse opinion of the doctor for your lordship's sake; for though you lean much upon his arm, yet he may lean more upon your judgment."

I shall be brief in what follows.—After the marquess's most honourable repetition of the cause of his attachment to doctor Bayley,—with his wishes for the king to turn to the Church of Rome, and thereby relieve his Catholic subjects from the unpleasant situation they were then in, from their supposed attachment to his person, evidently shewn by their subscriptions for the alleviation of his necessities,—he proceeds directly to ask his majesty, "Sir, I pray tell me what is it that you want?"—At which the king smiling said, "My lord, I want an army, can you help me to one?" "Yes, replies the marquess, that I can: and to such a one, as should your majesty commit yourself to their fidelity, you should be a conqueror fight as often as you please."

King. "My lord, such an army would do the business: I pray let me have it.—Mar. "What if your majesty would not confide in it, when it was presented unto you?"—King. "My lord, I would feign see it, and as feign confide in that, of which I had reason to be confident."—"Then, said the marquess, take Gidions three hundred men, and let the rest begone."—King. "Your lordship speaks a little mistically, will it please you to be plain a little?"—Mar. "Come, I see I must come "nearer to you. Sir, It is thus; God expected a work to be done by "your hands, but you have not answered his expectation, nor his mercy "towards you;—when your enemies had more cities and garrisons than "you had private families to take your part; when they had more cannon than you had muskets; when the people crowded to heap treasures

"against

" againſt you, whilſt your majeſty's friends were ſeign here and there to
" make a gathering for you; when they had navies at ſea, whilſt
" your majeſty had not ſo much as a boat upon the river; whilſt the
" odds in number againſt you was like a full crop againſt a gleaning;*
" then God wrought a miracle, in making your gleaning bigger than their
" vintage; he put the power into your hand, and made you able to de-
" clare yourſelf a true man to God, and grateful to your friends; but,
" like the man, whom the prophet makes mention of, who beſtowed great
" coſt and pains upon his vineyard, and at laſt it brought forth nothing
" but wild grapes; ſo when God had done all theſe things for you, and
" expected that you ſhould have given the church ſome reſpite from her
" oppreſſions, I heard ſay you made vows, that if God bleſſed you but
" that day with victory [Naſeby fight], you would not leave a Catholic
" in your army; for which I fear the Lord is ſo angry with you, that I
" am afraid he will not give you another day wherein you may ſo much
" as try your fortune. Your majeſty had forgot the monies which came
" unto you from unknown hands, and were brought unto you by un-
" known faces, when you promiſed you would never forſake your un-
" known friends; you have forgotten the miraculous bleſſings of the Al-
" mighty upon thoſe beginnings, and now have you diſcountenanced,
" diſtruſted, diſregarded, aye, and diſgraced the Catholics all along,
" and at laſt vowed an extirpation of them: Doth not your majeſty
" ſee clearly, how that in the two great battles, the North and Naſeby,
" God ſhewed ſigns of his diſpleaſure, when in the firſt your enemies
" were even at your mercy, confuſion fell upon you, and you loſt the
" day, like a man that ſhould ſo wound his enemy that he could ſcarce
" ſtand, and afterwards his own ſword ſhould fly out of the hilt, and
" leave the ſtrong and ſkilful to the mercy of his falling enemies:
" —and in the ſecond (and I fear me the laſt battle you'l fight), whilſt
" your men were crying, Victory! as I hear they had reaſon ſo to do,
" your ſword broke in the air, which made you a fugitive to your flying
" enemies."

* Such freedom of ſpeech might poſſibly paſs at Ragland Caſtle, in the year 1645, without obſervation;—but ſuch reproof of the Sovereign at the preſent day, would be conſidered as very unfaſhionable language at the Court of St. James's,—if it did not conſign its author to apartments in St. Luke's hoſpital.

After

After the marquis had craved pardon of the king, "for this freedom of ſpeech," and his majeſty, in reply, had denied the remembrance of his vows againſt the Catholics, the converſation turned immediately to the "differences, in controverſy, between the Proteſtant and Papiſt;" which continued (but without any further intereſt to this work), till a late hour; when the king growing fatigued and ſleepy, requeſted the marquis to commit his further ſentiments to paper, to be delivered to him by doctor Bailey,—which was aſſented to by the marquis, on condition that his majeſty would not, by an after publication, ſuffer his opinions to be acted upon againſt him, the converſation on that ſubject ended.

Whereupon, ſays Dr. Bayley, the marqueſs called upon me to help him, ſo that he might kneel; and being upon his knees, he deſired to kiſs his majeſty's hand:—adding, Sir, I have not a thought in my heart that tends not to the ſervice of my God and you! Hereupon he fell a weeping, bidding me to light his majeſty to his chamber.

Thus they both parted,—and as I was lighting the king to his chamber, his majeſty told me, "that he did not think to have found the OLD MAN ſo ready at it,—and that he was a long time in putting on his armour, yet it was hardly proof."

Dr. Bayley obſerves, that the king was not only able, conſtant, and reſolute in his religion, but, as the caſe then ſtood with him, reſiſted a very ſtrong temptation; for at that time the king was low, and wanted help; poor, and wanted money; and no man in the kingdom was then likelier to help to both than the marquis, who was conſidered as *the moſt monied man in the nation*, and who, to the utmoſt of his power, never denied him either; and would, at this time, willingly have parted with all, if his majeſty could have been guilty but of ſo much diſſimulation, as not to have left the marquis altogether in deſpair of ever accompliſhing his deſign upon him.

We

We might now be said *to be treading upon embers scarcely cold.*—On the 15th of September 1645,* the king took his leave of RAGLAND castle,—and, on his departure, after this conference, observed, *that it was to ease his lordship of a great burthen.* Distracted as he then was, from not knowing where to go, his majesty and attendants wandereded about this and the adjoining counties, accepting protection from every family of respectability, who had fortune and inclination to administer to his distress.†

As an effort, on the part of the marquis, to aid the sinking cause of his sovereign, he permitted his son, lord Herbert, to accept a commission from the king, allowing him to raise and arm a body of 500 horse and 15,00 foot, at his father's sole expence, which he accomplished with incredible expedition.

The horse he put under the command of his brother, lord John Somerset (stiled *a maiden soldier*), and the foot under colonel Lawley, whom he made his major general, a brave and spirited officer, who was soon after killed, by a stone thrown from a window at Coleford, [six miles from Monmouth], where a rabble of the

* "Iter Carolum."

† Sir Wm. Morgan, Tredegar,—Sir Philip Morgan, Ruperra,—Mr. Gunter, Abergavenny,—Mr. Moore, Crick,—Mr. Pritty's, Newport,—and Mr. Pritchard, Lanvaya,—are families particularly mentioned in the work above quoted. Ragland was a fort of central point, from whence the king set out, and again returned to, as best suited with his situation. Many "cruel days," meaning, marching from early in the morning till late at night, and without food, are noticed in these journies over the country.

country

country people had assembled, to prevent the passage of this force through the Forest of Dean, on its march towards Glocester, where it was going, to assist at the siege of that city, and took up their quarters at the Vineyard, a short distance from it, near the banks of the Severn.

But Sir William Waller, who was then on the borders of Wiltshire, came rapidly down to the Severn, and having some flat boats there ready to meet him, immediately passed over:—the guard being either sottishly or treacherously neglected, upon the advance of Sir William the consternation was so great among the new Welch soldiers, that without giving or receiving a blow, they fairly sent out to treat, and as kindly delivered up themselves and arms, upon the single grant of quarter; though their works were too good to be entered by dragoons; though the avenues were but narrow, in all which they had cannon planted; and their numbers very near, if not fully, equal to the enemy:—a submission so like a stratagem, that Waller himself could hardly trust it.

Lord Herbert was at Oxford, and lord John Somerset, with three or four troops, at a safe distance from the rest.

This, says a titled historian, was the end of that unfortunate army (the raising of which was considered such an effort on the part of the marquis, that scarcely any other nobleman in the realm could have accomplished), which grew up and perished so soon, that the loss of it was scarce apprehended at Oxford, because the strength,

strength, or rather the number, was not understood. But, adds the above authority, if the money which was laid out in raising, arming, and paying, that body of men, which never advanced the king's service in the least degree, had been brought into the king's receipt at Oxford, to have been employed to the most advantage, I am perswaded the war might have been ended the next summer. For I have heard the lord Herbert say, "that those preparations, and the other, which by "that defeat was rendered useless, cost above three-"score thousand pounds; the greatest part of which "was advanced by his father."

The final conclusion of this business is too awefully impressed on our memories. The summer of the succeeding year brought with it the destruction of Ragland castle,—and the winter of it, the marquis, in captivity, to his grave: while the Sovereign, after witnessing the death of his friend, and leading a life of fear and sorrow, was, in the space of a few years, led to the scaffold,—receiving the termination of a miserable existence from the hands of the common executioner.

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Never do I survey the principal apartments in the castle, without calling to my recollection the interesting Conference,—so much the subject of these pages,—that took place between the king and the marquis in those rooms; nor cast my eyes round the stately hall, without picturing to my imagination the monarch of the land, seated round the spacious fire, in social converse,

verse, with the marquis, his lady, and *thirteen* children,—an highly gratifying spectacle to the lovers of domestic happiness;—what a pity that the intrusion of politics should ever have disturbed its felicity!

The marquis, indeed, nearly equalled his father in the number of his progeny, who had *fifteen* childen. The late duke of Beaufort had *eleven*, whom he lived to see grown to men and women's estate;—and from the already numerous issue with which the present duke is surrounded, there is no fear of his grace's wanting an heir to the honors of his house for many succeeding generations.

DOCTOR BAILEY.

By a little tract, which came into my hands since the preceding sheet was printed, I am informed, that Dr. Bailey, chaplain to the marquis, was Sub-Dean of Wells, and son of Dr. Lewis Bailey, once bishop of Bangor,—whose acquaintance with his lordship originated in the following circumstance:

"Meeting accidentally with the marquis, at the beginning of the war, he acquainted him with the near approach of some parliament forces; by which notice he escaped the present danger; and had so great an affection to the Dr. for it, that he took him with him to Ragland castle, his chief place of residence, where he continued till the king's coming thither, and remained with his lordship to the hour of his death."

Without doubt he also published the book of *Apothegms*, as well as the *Conference*, tho' it does not bear his name.

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BRIEF NOTICES OF

RAGLAND.

ON the authority of Dr. Griffin, who favoured me with his sentiments, this village derives its name from RHAGLAW, Welch, *The Seat of the Chief Governor of the District*.

In support of the Doctor's assertion, I insert the kind communication of another clergyman, whose civilities I have to acknowledge beyond a trifling etymology:

"Ragland, in my opinion, is derived from *Rhaglaw*, "which is the Welch word commonly used for a "*Governor*. It is well known that Ragland was for- "merly spelt *Rhaglan*;—the welch sound of the letter "*w* not being pleasant to an English ear, the letter *n* "was gradually substituted in its stead, first in the "pronunciation, and afterwards in the spelling. This "transition appears to me very probable, for we have "a further instance within these very few years, viz. "that, to *englishize* the word still more, the letter *d* has "been added to it.

"When we consider the simplicity of the word, and "how far the Church was connected with the Castle,— "built, very probably, for the use of the Family there "residing,—nothing could be more consistent than "that the Church should be called the GOVERNOR's "*(Rhaglaw)* Church."

This derivation not having been any where *before* attempted, may prove interesting to many of my readers, who may wish to be made acquainted with it.

It receives a great degree of cheerfulness from standing in the centre of four principal turnpike roads that branch from it, viz. Chepstow, from whence it is distant twelve,—Abergavenny ten,—Usk five,—and Monmouth eight miles, all good market towns; which is still further increased by that interesting object the CASTLE, whose magnificent ruins are resorted to, particularly in the summer season, by strangers from every part of the kingdom.

The Soil is a stiff clay, very favourable to the growth of wheat, large quantities of which grain it produces,—with fine meadow and pasture land; nor are the orchards undeserving of mention, though they are not so numerous as in some parts nearer Herefordshire.

The Duke of Beaufort owns almost the whole of the Parish,—for though a few familes have estates in it, their lands united bear but a very small proportion to his Grace's property.

The Mail Coach to and from London passes (up and down) daily through the village;—and Mr. North's London and other Waggons, twice a week, backwards and forwards, regularly.

In short,—a stranger who wished to pass a little time in looking over the county, would find Ragland quite a central situation, and near those different objects of curiosity, Tintern Abbey, Piercefield Walks, Chepstow,

the

the Passages, Usk, and Abergavenny, all of which are worthy of his notice. And this information he may further depend on, that "*mine Host of the Beaufort*," whom the writer has the pleasure of calling his friend, has long been celebrated for the quality of his FALERNIAN;—even HORACE, *that critic in the beverage*, might pronounce it, *excellent!*

The house has also been lately fitted up in a tasteful manner,—affording that quiet and comfort so much to be desired by strangers, who travel with the view of enjoying these scenes at their own ease and convenience.

THE LATE MRS. PYTT'S HOUSE.

At the west end of the churchyard, separated from it only by the turnpike road leading to Chepstow, stands the above house,—*a curious building*,—of ten rooms on the *ground floor*, inclosed within a square brick wall, and the front thickly planted with luxuriant shrubs, which give to the dwelling something of the appearance of an *hermitage* in a gentleman's pleasure grounds.

This Lady, a native of the Arthee, in the parish of Tregare, was descended from a very respectable family in the county (now extinct): but during her residence here, instead of mingling with that society, to which her ample fortune gave her access, or partaking of any amusement, she shut herself up in the most recluse manner, never appearing abroad except at Church, from whence she hurried home again with the utmost

haste

haste at the conclusion of the Service; neither would she admit any into her presence on business, except one or two trusty friends; being constantly attended by a female domestic, through whom she communicated to others her wishes. A few years before her death she retired to Clifton, where in 1800 she ended her days.

Yet, in the midst of this singularity of character, she was a Lady who exercised many benevolent acts towards the poor,—particularly in former time of dearness of grain,—and her departure was a real loss to many indigent families in the neighbourhood. She bequeathed an hundred pounds to that noble charity the Glocester Infirmary. Her estates, which were considerable, devolved principally to her relative, Mrs. Chaworth, an aged Lady, who resides in or near Glocester.

The house is now occupied by C. Crosse, esq.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AT RAGLAND.

To the praise of Mrs. Chambers it should be told, that to her the first, and till then the only, Sunday School in the county, owed its origin. Immediately on its being opened 40 children were instructed in it, who from being unable to tell the letters of the alphabet, were soon made capable of joining in the public service of the Church. But owing to Mrs. Chambers's ill state of health, and the indifference shewn by the parish for its continuance, it has been given up,—and the children now rove about the fields on the Sabbath day as usual.

RURAL SPORTS.

The gymnastic exercise of FIVES is much practised here, as it is generally over the county,—the inhabitants at large being not only very fond of it, but also very skilful players of the game. The churchyards are usually devoted to that purpose.

COCK-FIGHTING has also numerous admirers. At Easter and Whitsuntide there is scarce a village public house that does not exhibit this "SPORT," as it is by them named;—an attachment certainly very discreditable (however sanctioned by custom), to our national character.

The CHACE,—for Mr. Chambers is deputy lord of this manor, and with his neighbour, Mr. Harris,* of Lan-alway, support (as it is termed in Norfolk) *a* CRY *of hounds*,—holds an high interest over the mind of the inferior rank of society in Monmouthshire. It would astonish the man of *weak lungs* to witness the zeal manifested by people who follow it on foot, through the heavy grounds of this district. Neither hills nor dales form obstacles to the pursuit, but they ascend and descend them with incredible speed; and often here, as well as at Lancreaver Hall (Langattock Vibonavel), have I seen the huntsmen and others keep so close up with the

* This gentleman, though now near eighty years of age, I heard give last season such a VIEW HALLOO! as would have electrified (had he been present), the heart of that true son of Nimrod, TOM MOODY,—whose memory Mr. Incledon so pathetically often brings to our recollection. I do not think there is a more powerful voice, at his time of life, in the kingdom.

pack,

pack, (cheering it at the same time with the voice and the whip), as to *equal the exertion of a good horse*, through such clayey and uneven lands as they went over.

Nor should we, while speaking of these amusements, —tho' last, not least,—forget the charms which the *harp* or *fiddle* imparts to the Silurean ear;—not a swain, or village maid with her neat mob cap, round black hat, and dark eyes sparkling with a modest pleasure, but would leave the plough and the wheel to join in the mazy dance, regardless of place, distance, or weather.

But what most amused me (when I first visited this place), next to the novelty of hearing the family speak welch, which is very general at Ragland, *was to hear Mr. Chambers ask for his servants*; almost every one having a sort of *cog-nomen* by which he was known. For instance, if he wanted his stud-groom, he desired them to call *Ragland Jack*;—if his postilion, *Tom of the mill*;—if his bailiff, *Will mawr* [*great Will*, and no *infant* I assure you]; if his waggoner, *little Charles*;—if his mason, *Tom the tiler*; and even our neat and modest handmaid at the bar of the house, must be known by a welch appellation. But it is not confined to the people of this house, it is adopted almost over the county,—few labouring tradesmen being called only by their christian name and trade, such as Jammie the smith, Tom the turner,—ad infinitum.

I conclude my remarks on this place in the language of two elegant and accomplished females, after visiting the castle, "*Adieu, dear Ragland!*"

EXCURSION TO MR. OATES'S HOUSE,

KEVENTILLA,

THE HEAD QUARTERS OF
GENERAL SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX.

ABOUT four miles, South-west from Ragland, stands Keventilla, rendered distinguishable from having been the head quarters of General Sir Thomas Fairfax during the siege, as also for the meeting of the Commissioners who signed the treaty, for the surrender of Ragland Castle.*

Mr. Jones's MS. says,—"Mr. Oates married the "sister of Mr. Kemeys of Pertholey,—came to Wales "with bishop Field, bishop of Hereford,—was a proc- "tor,—has raised a great estate, and made his house "beautiful and fair, and is now in the commission of "the peace."

* At two miles on this road, situate on a pleasant eminence, stands THE TON, late the country residence of William Harrison, esq. of Red Lion Square, London,—son of the Inventor of the TIME PIECE; whose father was rewarded, for his ingenious discovery, with twenty thousand pounds, by the British Legislature. It has lately been sold to — — Olive, esq. and is now occupied by Mr. Nicholas, who farms the estate.—Often has the pleasure of society been here happily enjoyed,—not forgetting Mr. Tregoze, and the beautiful elm tree at the bottom of the garden. Alas, how many kind and valuable friends have I lived to see drop around me, during my residence at Monmouth.

There

There is no date to the MS. The writer was in hopes of meeting with some important memorials, which the collector intended at a future day to have embodied, respecting the conclusion of the Treaty, and the characters that signed it, but the above short paragraph was all the notice it took of the place or the parties.

Supplied by Mr. Tregoze.—Mr. Oates at his death left an only daughter, who was married to --- Jones, esq. of Buckland in Breconshire; by him she had a son, who married a lady of the name of Evers;—Jones, jun. dying, she was again married to Sir John Price, of Newton-court, Montgomeryshire, and for her jointure had Keventilla settled upon her in lieu of ready money. From them it descended to a capt. Evers, who resided some time upon the estate, but afterwards sold it to the present occupier, Mr. Philip Lloyd, in whose possession it now remains. It is situate in the parish of Llandenny,—and signifies, in Welch, *A low ridge of hills*, which is perfectly correspondent, being placed in a valley, surrounded with woodland and other slopes, cloathed or cultivated to their summits.

Pursuing the road leading to Usk for three miles, we arrive at a public house, called the Taylor's Hall,—where a lane, on the left hand, about half a mile long, leads directly to the mansion. It is a large stone edifice, of a dark stucco colour, with a spacious court in front, formerly enclosed with a high wall, but now nearly razed to the ground.

Much

Much as it has suffered from the wilful dilapidations of a late occupier, as well as in its uniformity by the heavy impost of window duty, a part of the original front remains sufficiently intire to shew the stile of the building. The appearance of the windows on one side have a fine effect, which project forward, forming half an hexagon, with stone montens and transoms, moulded with a large ovelo. A low porch disgraces the entrance, which seems to have been afterwards added, as it bears the date of 1723.

A wide and lofty passage divides the ground floor; on each side of which is a large room, but that on the left hand is quite destroyed,—the other is used as a kitchen. Through this, by an old fashioned oak staircase, we are conducted to what may be deemed the STATE ROOM; and it deserves to be noticed, that the principal apartment is on the *second floor*. This room, though *shorn of its beams*, still claims the traveller's attention. It measures ten yards long, by six and an half wide, with four grand windows on one side, and two on the other; but these have been taken down and diminished, for the reason before assigned.

At the upper end is a large fire place: the shafts of the pilasters are decorated with a running waterleaf, and the bell of the cap ornamented with a leaf of the same kind. Above the fire place, in the centre, are the family arms, curiously wrought in stucco, and in the finest preservation. On each side are two ancient bass relief figures, standing in circular recesses, formed

with pilasters, and on archivolt of the same kind of ornament. At the bottom is the date of the erection, viz. 1616. The whole has a very grand effect, the upper decorations being five feet four inches high, and eight feet wide. The armorial bearings are as follow, viz.

I. Three lions rampant.
II. A croſs, charged with 5 mullets pierced.
III. Three fleur de lys.
IV. A chevron, charged with three bugle horns ſtringed, between three bull's heads caboſſed.
V. Checquie, on a feſſe three leopard's faces.

This is *now* the only room in the house deserving notice, a former tenant (with the consent of Captain Evers,) having stripped the floors of their boards, and made use of them for every purpose to which they could be converted, so that the inside exhibits, in many places, a perfect skeleton.

In justice to General Fairfax's discernment we must confess, that he secured for himself a good billet during his stay in Monmouthshire, by fixing on this house for his Quarters; for independent of its proximity to the scene of action which exployed his attention, it was the best mansion (if we except then Sir Trevor Williams's, at Llangiby Castle, near Usk,) in that part of the county.

It is impossible to tread these rooms without calling to our recollection the memorable characters that have passed in review before us, who, while living, bore such a distinguished share in the transactions here under consideration;

sideration; nor can we refrain from heaving a sigh over the fate of once opulent families, whose Names the Revolution of Fortune has so soon sunk among the general mass of mankind!

The Writer has endeavoured to obtain in the neighbourhood, "Some Anecdote of the conclusion of this "business, as well as of the parties who met here, and "signed the Treaty;"—but such is the oblivion in which the transactions are involved, that even the Mansion House is little known in the county; and, with regard to its *eventful history*, many otherwise well-informed persons, of whom he made enquiry, seemed *surprised* when acquainted with the *motives* for his curiosity.

In the Church of Landenny is a mural momument, erected by Mrs. Elizabeth Oates, to the memory of her father, Mr. Roger Oates, who died Sept. 17, 1706, aged 67; and Mr. Roger Oates, her brother, who died Aug. 3, 1700, aged 27.

I was informed, that a descendant of the Evers's, who lived at Keventilla, came to Usk about two years ago, claiming relief from that parish. Said, she had been married to a soldier, whom she had survived, who had left her a widow with two children. The parish kindly granted her the relief required, and the gentlemen of that town subscribed a sum of money towards her further assistance.

SIR THOMAS [*afterwards Lord*] FAIRFAX.

Having paused, on the conclusion of our account of Ragland Castle, to notice the fate of the marquis of Worcester; let us, while on this no less interesting spot, call to our recollection the memory of Sir Thomas Fairfax, which holds forth a curious political lesson;—for, after his military talents had, in a great measure, been instrumental in bringing the reigning Sovereign to the scaffold; we see him, at another period of his life exerting his efforts to restore the fugitive Prince and son to the throne of his ancestors!

We are presented by him with a little tract, called, "Short memorials of Thomas Lord Fairfax, written by himself;" and, as the work informs us, "to assist his recollection of past events."

A distinguished writer of the present age observes on the above character, That the chief part of the persons who have been the most active in promoting revolutions in kingdoms, have in general, after their experience of the dangers and miseries consequent upon them, been very open in proclaiming them to the world.

Mr. Bryan Fairfax, the editor of his lordship's papers, says, "That most tragical and deplorable part of the Civil War, the death of the King, he utterly from his soul abhorred, and lamented to his dying day; and never mentioned it but with tears in his eyes. Indeed, as his lordship by no means consented to it, so was he much surprised when Sir Thomas Herbert told him, "that the fatal stroke had been given."

He

He further thus proceeds:

"The retired part of his life gave him greater ſatisfaction than all his former victories, when he lived quietly at his own houſe, at Nun-Appleton, in Yorkſhire; always earneſtly wiſhing and praying for the reſtitution of the Royal Family, and fully reſolved to lay hold on the firſt good opportunity to contribute his part towards it; which made him always lookt upon with a jealous eye by the uſurpers of that time.

"As ſoon as he was invited by General Monk to aſſiſt him againſt Lambert's army, he cheerfully embraced the occaſion, and appeared at the head of a brave body of gentlemen of Yorkſhire; and upon the reputation and authority of his name, the Iriſh Brigade of 12 hundred horſe forſook Lambert's army, and joined with him; the conſequence was the immediate breaking of all Lambert's forces, which gave General Monk an eaſy march into England.

"This was always acknowledged, not only by General Monk, but by the King himſelf, as a ſignal teſtimony of his zeal to make amends for what was paſt, and of the very conſiderable aſſiſtance he gave towards the reſtoring the Royal Family.

"After he had waited on his Majeſty in Holland, as one of the Commiſſioners ſent to invite him home, and had ſeen the King eſtabliſhed on his throne, he retired again into his own country, where he died in peace, in the 60th year of his age, anno 1671, leaving behind his only daughter, the Lady Mary Dutcheſs of Buckingham."

Lord Fairfax appears to have been once in the moſt imminent danger of his life, in the ſummer of 1642.

"My Lord of Cumberland once again ſent out Sir Thomas Glenham "to beat up Sir Thomas Fairfax's quarters at Wetherby. Commanding "out a party both of horſe and of dragoons, Sir Thomas comes cloſe up "to the town undiſcovered, a little before ſun-riſe. Prideaux and ſome "others enter the town through a back yard. This gave an alarm quite "through the town. Sir Thomas Fairfax was at this juncture drawing "on his boots to go to his father at Tadcaſter. Sir Thomas gets quickly "on horſeback, draws out ſome pikes, and ſo meets our Gentleman. "EVERY ONE HAD HIS SHOT AT SIR THOMAS, he only making at them "with his ſword, and ſo retired under the guard of his own pikes to "another part of the town."

BRIEF

BRIEF NOTICES OF

LANDENNY,

In which Parish KEVENTILLA *is situated.*

[Landenny is a Welch Word, and signifies "The Church dedicated to Saint Dennis."

Landenny is situated two miles from Ragland, and near it runs the turnpike road leading from thence to Chepstow and both the Passages.—The Manor House, called Treworgan, stands near the highway, and equalled, in its day, Mr. Oates's residence before mentioned.

Prior to the appearance of these pages, it was unknown even to the inhabitants, "that the fine meadows in "this parish formed the DAIRY FARM of the Marquis "of Worcester, when he resided at Ragland Castle."

The Rev. Mr. Jones's Manuscript thus mentions it: "Llandenny, seated on the river Trothy, hath excel- "lent meadow and corn ground, woods and pastures, "where the Earl of Worcester had his dairy farm, but "is now in the hands of Mr. Roger Williams, of New- "port."

As corresponding testimony of the above information, the house inhabited by Mr. Hopkins retains the name of the MARDEE, which in Welch signifieth the DAIRY, to the present day.

What place, in the neighbourhood of Ragland, could have been so happily selected for such a purpose? Large

Large meads, of the richest verdure, extend themselves to Usk, a distance of four miles, through which the stream of the Alway flows, while valuable herds of cattle, cropping its herbage, give a greater interest and animation to the scene. Indeed, in all my walks over the county hitherto enjoyed, I could not point out, taken altogether, such an agreeable path, in the summer season, within the distance of many miles.

Several respectable families, of landed fortune, resided in this parish. Besides Mr. Oates, of Keventilla, the owners of Treworgan, and the Jenkins's of Lydiath-Melyn deserve mention; but the former was sold to the late Rev. Doctor Griffin, of Hadnock, near Monmouth, now the property of his widow (whose tenant, Mr. Hall, farms the estate,) while the tablet in the church is all that now remains to tell us that such persons as the latter ever existed,—the family being extinct, the house fallen to decay, and the land let to a farmer.

The CHURCH is situated on a gentle eminence; and from appearance seems to have been erected about the same time as that of Ragland, being built on the same plan, and with the same kind of stone. But after Mr. Oates's monument, there is nothing either within or without the walls to arrest the stranger's attention.

The preceding is the only interesting parish (if we except St. Arvons,) lying near the road between Ragland and Chepstow. The country is also hilly and barren, without any object to relieve it till we arrive at Persfield.

OBSERV-

OBSERVATIONS ON MANOR HOUSES

IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

The Reader will perceive, that a considerable degree of attention has been paid, in the progress of this work, to the Manor Houses of the ancient families of the county, contiguous to the scenes herein described.

It is a subject on which the Writer has bestowed some attention to inform himself, "To what causes are "to be attributed the almost total decline of that order "of Society, denominated the Ancient Yeomenry of "England, which has become nearly extinct during the "last century."

Commencing at Wonastow, we shall find, that here, as well as on the banks of the Wye, noticed in another part of the Tour, the same fate has attended those respectable families, who resided on estates from 300*l.* to 1000*l.* per annum,—the blessing and support of all around them.

As a writer on *Political Economy*, it has excited some surprise, that this question has not been investigated by Mr. Arthur Young, a gentleman above all others calculated to illustrate the subject. Whether it proceeded from increasing luxury,—the refinements of polished society, or the instability of all human possessions, are causes that cannot be so readily decided upon; but it certainly must create a considerable degree of pain to the attentive observer, on being informed, that of all the dif-

ferent proprietors of these houses, not one of their descendants are actually living on their estates,—none indeed enjoying them (except Mr. Jones of Lanarth), among the whole here enumerated.

Who can look upon them, now torn and mutilated, and occupied by a race of men (tho' valuable in their line of life), so different to their former possessors, without feeling for the interests and happiness of the country! It is incompatible with my situation of life to mingle such questions with the descriptions which so prominently occupy these pages; yet no person, who has been in the habit of witnessing the decline of such mansions, can, with any degree of sensibility, totally divest himself of those melancholy reflections which arise on considering *their lost influence on society.*

On the authority of a work published in 1673, containing a list of *seventy* families of fortune then living in Monmouthshire,—it will scarcely be credited that the following among them only retain their names and reside on the estates of their ancestors at the present day, viz.

Mr. Hanbury, Pont-y-pool,—Mr. T. Jones, Usk,—Mr. Kemeys, Bertholey,—Mr. Lewis, St. Pierre,—Sir Charles Morgan, Tredegar,—and Mr. Williams, of Langibby Castle. The remainder are principally extinct,—or falling into the female line, have changed names from marriage connexions.

THE ROAD FROM
RAGLAND TO ABERGAVENNY.

Which may be deemed the most agreeable Ride, and Ten Miles of the best Road, in Monmouthshire.

ON leaving RAGLAND, we pass through a pleasant, inclosed and cultivated district for two miles,—when, on reaching Clytha Cottage, the residence of Miss Jones, the country begins to disclose the luxuriant vales and hilly terminations, so much the pride and ornament of Monmouthshire.

About a mile to the right of this part of the turnpike road, stands

LANARTH* COURT,

The residence of John Jones, esq. one of the most elegant mansions in the county. The house, which occupies a pleasing situation in the vale, is fitted up in a stile of elegance compatible with the fortune of its worthy owner,—with the accommodations of library, green-house, gardens, and appendages to property; while in front an extensive lake winds its mazy course thro' the finest demense lands, which support a peculiar breed of cattle, remarkable for their fine growth and beauty. Pasturage, says Mr. Gilpin, not only presents an agreeable surface, but the Cattle that graze it add great variety and animation to the scene.

* Agreeable to the etymology of the Rev. Mr. Jones, it signifies a fair or beautiful place.

Return-

Returning again to the Road.—Descending the hill at Clytha Cottage, we come in view of

CLYTHA HOUSE,

The residence of the late William Jones, esq. uncle to J. Jones, esq. of Lanarth Court. This mansion, like the preceding, ranks among the first houses in Monmouthshire; and is fitted up in a corresponding stile of neatness and elegance; with gardens of great extent, laid out in a fine taste, whose walls are richly cloathed with the choicest fruit-trees, the whole of which owes its origin to the decorative hand of their very liberal and accomplished possessor. The approach to the mansion is thro' a lately erected *Gothic gateway*,—much admired by strangers for its taste and elegance.

At the distance of near half a mile from the house, from which it is separated by the turnpike road, a spacious field, adorned with plantations, and decorated with the most beautiful walks, in serpentine form, conducts to a building, called

THE CASTLE,

Which, in point of situation, and tasteful ornaments of the interior, may be deemed a kind of *Fairy Region*, and reflects the highest credit on the gentleman whose fortune gave it existence.

The building occupies a gentle rise in front of Mr. Jones's house,—from whence it is an interesting object,—and is built on a Gothic model, with circular towers at the north-west and south-west angles,—the principal front extending near an hundred feet in length. In the centre

93990

centre is placed a neat marble tablet, which announces the domestic affliction that induced Mr. Jones to the undertaking:

"This building was erected in the year 1788, by William Jones, of "Clytha Houſe, Eſq. Fourth Son of John Jones, of Lanarth Court, "Monmouthſhire, Eſq. and Huſband to Elizabeth, the laſt ſurviving "Child of Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar, K. B. and Grand-daughter "of the moſt noble William, Second Duke of Devonſhire. It was under-"taken for the Purpoſe of relieving a Mind ſincerely afflicted, by the "Loſs of a moſt excellent Wife, whoſe Remains were depoſited in "Lanarth Church Yard, A. D. 1787, and to the Memory of whoſe "Virtues this Tablet is dedicated."

No part of the kingdom can exceed this spot for the beauty and variety of the prospect which it commands; nor should I omit here pointing out the different objects contained in the view, but for the purpose of introducing them in a succeeding part of this work.

The Historians of Monmouthshire are under particular obligations to this gentleman, for the valuable information communicated by him to their respective publications; and with them I beg to unite my own, for the handsome manner in which he assisted my former enquiries. He died suddenly last year in London.

PANT-Y-GOITRE,

A handsome brick house, the residence of the late T. Hooper, esq. adds another ornament to this delightful part of the county, being happily placed within a fine section of the river Usk,—which, with its ornamental grounds, and tasteful appendages, render it little inferior to the mansions before noticed.

HILL-

HILLGROVE.

At the distance of a few hundred yards from the turnpike road, stands the pleasant mansion of the Rev. John Jones, a gentleman to whose friendship and disinterested liberality, I owe greater obligations than I can here sufficiently express. Domesticated at his hospitable board, I have not only received the greatest personal attentions, but also enjoyed the further gratification of his superior information, which a long attention to the History of this County so well enables him to impart,—and which has been communicated, at all times, in the most open and unreserved manner.

In attempting to describe this part of the tour, I feel a pleasure in bringing forward this highly beautiful little spot; which equals, in point of situation, any residence between Monmouth and Abergavenny.

The situation is within the Hamlet of Clytha, on the turnpike road leading from Abergavenny to Usk, distant from the former six miles, from the latter five, from Pont-y-Pool eight, from Monmouth ten, in a fine fertile country, and one of the best neighbourhoods in Monmouthshire,—having

Lanarth Court,—Clytha House and Castle,—Trostre Lodge, Lansanfraed Court,—Langattock House,—and Pant-y-goitre, together with several other respectable dwelling houses of gentlemen of property.

THE

THE PROSPECT,

Which is westward, may be thus described:

About ten degrees from the south point, westward, we view a remarkable *Beech Tree*, the property of Mr. Prothero of Usk, called (as it is imagined from its peculiar appearance) *Y Flawydden Deg*, which in English signifies *the beautiful beech tree*. The situation of this tree is such, that it is seen from most elevated points in the county, and from the Bristol Channel is reckoned a land mark. A few degrees more to the west, is seen *Pen Twyn Bann Lwyn*, commonly called *Pentwmbarlon*. This, no doubt, in former times was a Beacon, and is situated, as I have been informed, not far from that noted ruin called *Caer Beli*, or *Caerphilly Castle*, in Glamorganshire.

More to the westward, are seen the hills that encircle Pont-y-pool, where a branch of the Hanbury family have a seat,—and the over-hanging woods in the park are embellished with a building erected on Mynudd Bach, by the late Capel Hanbury, esq. From hence a very agreeable prospect.

Further to the right, and in front of this spot, is the Blorange hill, which affords as fine a landscape as can be wished or imagined, for an extent of about ten miles. A few degrees north of the Blorange, and quite under the hill, is the town of ABERGAVENNY;—to the right of which we see, to the completest and most charming advantage, those admired hills, called the Skirrid Fach, the Sugarloaf, and the Skirrid Fawr; and further

on,

on, in the same direction, the Bwlch hill, beyond Crickhowel,—the Black mountain, and the Hatteral hills, in Breconshire, and the Cwmyoy hills, in Monmouthshire. In short, the prospect is a semicircle of hills, the outline of which may be supposed an extent of at least eighty miles. These eminences maintain such a dignity in the scene, that grandeur and sublimity are united in a singular manner; the whole forming such a noble amphitheatre, adorned with the most charming picturesque views of hills, gentlemen's seats, churches, farm houses, groves, vales, meads, and the meandering form and course of the river Usk, which presents itself from hence in *five different points of view*, that few prospects can possibly be more delightful and engaging. Moreover, should the eye be fatigued by such a prodigality of beauty, and glad to be shrouded a-while from the view of it, near this spot is found a little grove, wherein are a few walks, with seats so judiciously arranged and formed, that a partial view of the prospect is seen from among the boughs of trees. Certainly no inland scenery can be more gratifying or agreeable to the wishes and expectations of the visitor.

At TROSTRE, near Hillgrove, on the banks of the river Uks, are very extensive Iron Works, carried on by the Trostre company, Bristol, who have here a handsome residence. The river at this place abounds with salmon; and the inspection of the TRAP for taking of them would afford some amusement to those travellers who had not before witnessed such a method for their destruction.

LAN-

Returning again to the turnpike road, from whence we had a little deviated, we soon arrive at the above mansion; recorded, in the pedigree of the Herberts, to have been the residence of their ancestors, at a very early period.

Thomas ap Gwillim ap Jenkin,* of Perthyer [in the parish of Rockfield, two miles from Monmouth], who was seated here in the reign of Richard II. made great additions to his fortune, by his marriage with MAUD, daughter and heir of Sir John Morley, knight, Lord of RAGLAND CASTLE,—from whom the present Earl of Pembroke, by the male line, and his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, by the female line, are descended.

His son, Sir Wm. Thomas, by the above lady, was a distinguished military character in the reign of Henry the Fifth, being present with his sovereign and countryman at the battle of Azincourt, in defence of whose person he lost his life, while bravely fighting by his side,—in reward for which gallant action, the Prince, in his dying moments, stood over his body, and conferred upon him the honor of knighted, as the last token

* William ap Jenkin, called Herbert, or Hirbert, poſſibly from his ſtature and beauty,—the word, in Cambro-British, meaning TALL and BEAUTIFUL,—was lord of Gwerndee [the black orles], a ſhort diſtance from Abergavenny, and had 4 ſons,—the third of whom Howell ap Gwillim, called Herbert, was anceſtor of the Jones's of Tre-Owen, Lanarth, and Clytha; Mr. Jones of Lanarth being heir-male of the ſaid Howell.

of

of respect for his services in that ever memorable engagement.

In the person of his son William Herbert, his house became ennobled by king Edward IV. who conferred on him the dignity of EARL of PEMBROKE;—and here I must again repeat the remark which the page of history so faithfully proclaims, "that the highest situations are often doomed to experience the severest misfortunes."

Compelled, by the political violence of the times in which he lived, to espouse the cause of the House of York, he, with his brother Sir Richard Herbert, by order of Edward the fourth, raised an army of ten thousand men (principally welch), and putting himself at the head of it, marched to assist his sovereign, against a considerable force assembled out of the North, who had taken up arms against the king, at the instigation of the earl of Warwick.

Could we, who are far removed from the stage, but obtain admission behind the curtain of state affairs, we should oftentimes observe on how slight a pivot the deepest interests of society and public happiness are moved, as the following circumstance will sufficiently testify:

Proceeding on their march, the earl and his brother were joined by Stafford earl of Devonshire, who had with him a large body of archers. It had been previously agreed between these two noblemen, that whichever of them arrived first at an inn, should retain the possession of their quarters. Now it happened, that on

their coming to an inn on the road, the mistress of the house proved to have been formerly the *chere amí* of Devonshire,—who, conceiving an affront at the preference shewn by her to the earl of Pembroke, he in the night previous to the engagement at Edgcote, near Banbury, in Oxfordshire, withdrew himself and archers from the main body of the king's army,—which reaching the ear of the Lancastrian party, they attacked the Yorkists in the morning with great fury,—and tho' the earl and his brother performed prodigies of valor, particularly the latter, who twice made his way, with his poll-axe in his hand, through the chief ranks of the enemy, the royal army was defeated, and the earl, with his brother, taken prisoners, whom their conquerors led to Northampton, where they were publicly beheaded, by order of the earl of Warwick,—in revenge, as it was given out, for the death of Sir Ralph Nevil, a general in the Lancastrian army, who had fallen into their hands, and decollated, by their command, a few days preceding the above engagement.

The dignity of the earl in his latter moments commands our utmost reverence, nor do the annals of history present an instance of more sublime virtue, than the dying request of this distinguised noblemen.

When led together to the scaffold, he exclaimed to the people with which the spot was surrounded, "As "to my own life, I am indifferent about its continuance; but, *let me intreat you* TO SPARE MY BROTHER'S, *for he is* "*worthy of serving the proudest prince in Christendom!*" Alas, his appeal, forcible as it was to the passions, had no effect on

on the minds of his enemies, and they bowed their heads to the block, to receive the stern mandate of authority from the hands of the public executioner.

But the treacherous conduct of Devonshire, in the desertion of his friend, soon met with its merited reward; for being taken prisoner shortly after by king Edward's forces, he was in his turn led to that fate which his baseness had imposed upon others; and he left the world under the taunts and jeers of the surrounding multitude, as "*an earl of three months standing*."

A distinguished branch of this house has preserved some interesting circumstances, connected with the history of these gallant brothers, as well as the events here under consideration,—which, as the work from whence they are taken is scarce, are worthy of a place in these pages:

"My great gt.-grand-father Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook was that incomparable hero, who (in the history of Hall and Grafton as it appears) twice past through a great army of Northern men alone, with his poll-ax in his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt, which is more than is famed of Amadis de Gall, or the Knight of the Sun. I shall besides this relation of Sir Richard Herbert's prowess in the battle at Banbury or Edgcot-hill, being the place where the late battle was fought, deliver some traditions concerning him, which I have received from good hands:

"One is, that the said Sir Richard Herbert being employed together with his brother William Earl of Pembroke to reduce certain rebels in North Wales, Sir Richard Herbert besieged a principal person of them at Harlech Castle in Merionethshire, the captain of this place had been a soldier in the wars of France, whereupon he said he had kept a castle in France so long, that he made the old women in Wales talk of him, and that he would keep the castle so long that he would make the old women in France talk of him; and indeed as the place was almost impregnable

but

but by famine, Sir Richard Herbert was conſtrained to take him in by compoſition, he ſurrendering himſelf upon condition, that Sir Richard Herbert ſhould do what he could to ſave his life, which being accepted, Sir Richard brought him to King Edward IV. deſiring his Highneſs to give him a pardon, ſince he yielded up a place of importance, which he might have kept longer, upon this hope; but the king replying to Sir Richard Herbert, that he had no power by his commiſſion to pardon any, and therefore might after the repreſentation hereof to his Majeſty, ſafe deliver him up to juſtice; Sir Richard Herbert anſwered he had not yet done the beſt he could for him, and therefore moſt humbly deſired his Highneſs to do one of two things, either to put him in the caſtle where he was, and command ſome other to take him out, or, if his Highneſs would not do ſo, to take his life for the ſaid captain's, that being the laſt proof he could give that he uſed his uttermoſt endeavour to ſave the ſaid captain's life.

" The King finding himſelf urged thus far, gave Sir Richard Herbert the life of the ſaid captain, but withal he beſtowed no other reward for his ſervice. The other hiſtory is that Sir Richard Herbert together with his brother the Earl of Pembroke being in Angleſy apprehending there ſeven brothers which had done many miſchiefs and murders; in theſe times the Earl of Pembroke thinking it fit to root out ſo wicked a progeny commanded them all to be hanged; whereupon the mother of them coming to the Earl of Pembroke, upon her knees deſired him to pardon two or at leaſtwiſe one of her ſaid ſons, affirming that the reſt were ſufficient to ſatisfy juſtice or example, which requeſt alſo Sir Richard Herbert ſeconded; but the Earl finding them all equally guilty, ſaid he could make no diſtinction betwixt them, and therefore commanded them to be executed together; at which the mother was ſo aggrieved, that with a pair of woollen beads on her arms (for ſo the relation goeth) ſhe on her knees curſt him, praying God's miſchief might fall to him in the firſt battle he ſhould make: The Earl after this, coming with his brother to Edgcot field as is before ſet down, after he had put his men in order to fight, found his brother Sir Richard Herbert in the head of his men, leaning upon his poll-ax in a kind of ſad or penſive manner, whereupon the Earl ſaid, what doth thy great body (for he was higher by the head than any one in the army) apprehend any thing that thou art ſo melancholy, or art thou weary with marching, that thou doeſt lean thus upon thy poll-ax?

or? Sir Richard Herbert replyed, that he was neither of both, whereof he should see the proof presently: Only I cannot but apprehend on your parts, least the curse of the woman with the woollen heads fall upon you. This Sir Richard Herbert lyeth buried in Abergavenny in a sumptuous monument for those times, which still remain, whereas his brother the Earl of Pembroke * being buried in Tintern Abbey, his monument together with the church lye now wholly defaced and ruined."

Thus, says Mr. Williams, at a time, when military talents constituted the first claim to honors and wealth, the family of Herbert spread its branches and ramifications through the whole of ancient Siluria; and in Monmouthshire, possessed several of the best mansions and estates. But at this time, there is not a gentleman of the name of Herbert in the county; and the present earl of Pembroke, the representative of a family, which ruled it by the influence of extensive manors, is not the proprietor of an acre of its land.

Such are the vicissitudes of a great house, whose fortunes have been connected with those of Courts; while an elder branch of the same family has retained, in the revolutions of Centuries, the possessions of its ancestors, under the disadvantages of a religion, which,

* On the death of this nobleman, William his son and heir succeeded to the title; but king Edward IV. being desirous to dignify his son prince Edward with the Earldom of Pembroke, procured a resignation of the same from this William; and in lieu thereof created him "Earl of Huntingdon." Which William married Mary the 5th sister and co-heir of Richard Woodville, Earl of Rivers, by whom he had an only daughter his heir, named Elizabeth, who married Sir Charles Somerset, afterwards created Earl of Worcester, and carried with her the vast possessions of her ancestors into this family, with whose descendants they have ever since continued, and with whom (from the numerous issue His Grace the Duke of Beaufort enjoys) they are likely long to remain.

since

since the Reformation, has excluded it from favor, interest, or protection at Court; supposed to be the means of acquiring or preserving estates in families, through any considerable succession of ages.

Lansaintfraed having continued, for several centuries, in a regular male succession, the issue at last ended in an only daughter, named Susan (whose father's name was Henry, and he the son of William Jones,) by whose marriage with the father of the late John Rickards, esq. the estate became his property.

A few years ago it was let to James Greene, esq. Member in the last Parliament for Arundel, who considerably beautified and improved the premises, and rendered the mansion a charming seat;—but since his removal, added to the death of Mr. Rickards, the estate has been sold to R. Lee, esq. late of Lanfoist, near Abergavenny [father of the lady of J. Jones, esq. of Lanarth], in whose possession it now remains.

The House occupies a pleasing eminence on the right of the turnpike road, and commands a view of some of the finest scenery in the county, particularly the vale through which the river Usk winds its course,—bounded, on every side, by the lofty mountains so often mentioned in this work. A situation more beautiful is hardly to be found in any inland part of the kingdom.

Before the house was repaired, there was affixed, in one of the rooms, a piece of oak, 19 inches long by 13 broad, and on it were finely carved the arms of eight different

different families. A painter, when painting the house, considerably diminished its beauty, by covering the board with white paint, to make it *uniform*; and when other repairs were under hand, it was afterwards taken down, and thrown among the refuse wood for firing; when the present possessor passing by, and knowing its value, preserved it from the flames. By the kind permission of the late William Jones, esq. of Clytha, to compare it with the pedigree of his ancestors, I found they belonged to the following families:

1 Herbert.
2 Blethyn Broadspear.
3 Corbet of Alencester.
4 Gwarndee.
5 Milo, earl of Hereford.
6 Sir John Morley, knt.
7 Bernard Newmark, Lord of Brecon.
8 Clare.

The Crest,—A lion rampant.

And at the bottom, the Motto, "*Y feno Duw.*" Welch, "As it pleaseth God."

LANSAINTFRAED CHURCH.

LANSAINTFRAED signifies, in Welch, "The Church of St. BASNOST."

On the demesne, to the South of the mansion, stands the parish church,—a small edifice, 14 yards long by 4 wide,—but the interior assumes an appearance highly creditable to those intrusted with its management.

Against the south wall in the chancel, on a common stone, 4 feet 7 inches wide, by 3 feet 3 inches high, is the following INSCRIPTION: The original is in *capital letters*; but those being troublesome to read, I have thought proper to print it as it here stands, observing some order in the arrangement, yet retaining the *spelling and contractions.*

INSCRIPTION IN LANSAINTFRAED CHURCH.

NERE THIS PLACE LY ENTERED THESE DEAD BODIES UNDER NAMED:

THOM: GLM: JENK: Esq. 8 July, 1438, and Maud his Wife, Dau: to Sir John Morley, Knight, and his Coheir:

PHILIP there Sone and Heire, 9 No: 1460: and Johan his Wife, Da: and Heire of Tho: Blethyn, of Pentre, Esq. 7 June 1458:

DAVID there Sone and Heire, 19 De: 1510: Katherine his Wife, Da: to Sir Roger Yahan, Knight, 26 Mar. 1520:

THOMAS there Son and Heire, 3 Apr. 1537: and Jane his Wife, Da: to John Thomas, of Tre-Owen, Esq. 13 Aug: 1553:

JOHN there Sone and Heire, 30 Maii 1533: but Gwenlian his Wife, Da: to Edwa: Jones, of Aberga: Gen: was buruied in her Brother Edward's Sepulcher, on the North Side of the Highe Altar in Sainte Maries there, 23 Sep: 1597:

WATER theire Son and Heire, 17: Apr: 1606: and Lettis his Wife, Da: of John Willms: of Newpo: Gen: 19 Jan: 1623.

W*

14 Sep.

§ For an eternall Token of Respect,
§ To you, my Sires, these Stones I doe erect;
§ Your worthy Bones deserve of me, in Brass,
§ A rarer Tomb than stately Hatton has;
§ But sithe my Menes no Parte of such affoord,
§ Instede thereof accept this Tomb of Words.

I

1624.

FROM LANSAINTFRAED,

The Road still continues to charm the eye by its fine scenery,—when on reaching

COLDBROOK,

the mind is again awakened, by the historical recollections of the former owners of the mansion.

This HOUSE is memorable for having been the residence of THREE distinguished characters, viz. Sir Richard Herbert, whom we have before noticed,—Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who lived beth here and at Saint Julians in this county,—and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K. B. the distinguished wit and companion in the reign of George II. The present owner, John Hanbury Williams, esq. is nephew to the latter gentleman. His father, Mr. George Hanbury, of Lanfoist, near Abergavenny, succeeded Sir Charles, and took upon him the name he now bears, on coming into possession of the estates, which were said to be worth, a few years ago, 3,000*l.* per annum, lying within a ring fence, and in one of the most pleasant parts of the kingdom.

"Coldbrook House is situated in a beautiful woodland, at the base of a hill, called the Little Skirrid,—in the Cambro-British, Skyrryd Vach.

"Though the summits of all the little undulations of the ground command beautiful views, the house is a retired object; and though it has some circumstances tending to magnificence when examined, the first ideas,

on approaching it, are those of solitude and simplicity. The imagination is not diverted from the soothing notion of a retreat, by any trinkets scattered around; and hardly any of the collateral circumstances, in the paths and stations of the paddock, disagree with the general character.

"The present condition, and even the furniture, are nearly the same as they were left by the late Sir C. Hanbury Williams, whose characteristic was the love of pleasure. Some of the pictures, and a few culinary dispositions, are the principal indications of the man; for the sober and temperate disposition of the place remains, and even vanity has left it, simple, elegant, and free from ostentation."

Williams's Hiſtory of Monmouthſhire.

The mansion is not publickly shewn,—but in my own person this favor was granted; which afforded particular pleasure, from contemplating, for the first time, the portraits here preserved of Sir C. H. Williams, of whom there are two,—a whole length, and kit-cat size,—but I could not learn who painted them.

There are also portraits of Sir Charles in the possession of the Rev. D. Davis, Vicar, and Capt. Charles Phillips, Monmouth,—each (on the authority of the above gentlemen), a present from Sir Charles to their respective fathers, who were in strict intimacy with the distinguished donor,—but who the painter was is uncertain. I accompanied Sir M— S— to inspect the portrait in the possession of Capt. Phillips; who said, "though

" though it was a good picture, and an excellent like-
" ness, it was only A COPY." How to reconcile such an opinion is difficult, when we are informed, that it came to Mr. Phillips from Sir Charles when ambassador at Dresden, and has since continued in the family.

Sir Charles is drawn in a thoughtful posture (copied, I conceive from an attitude in which Mr. Pope is represented), his head supported by the right hand, his elbow resting on a writing desk, while in the left he holds a paper, on which is wrote, " Isabella, or the Morning," alluding to his poem so named. His countenance impresses us witn the idea of a fine open, manly, intelligent character; and appears to have been taken when he was about 45 years of age. His POEMS have given him a name in the Republic of Letters; but their interest is lost at the present day, being written chiefly on subjects and characters which time has consigned to oblivion. Sir Charles's fortune enabled him to hold, with equal apathy, the Muse's favor or displeasure,—a dispensation which few of her votaries have have the happiness to avow.

Mr. Williams residing chiefly in Bath,—the house is in part occupied by a tenant, who farms a portion of of the estate.

Adjoining to Coldbrook is the HARDWICK FARM, belonging to Mr. EWER, one of the most respectable practical agriculturists in the county; whose breeds of different sorts of cattle, have been honored with the approbation and reward of the Bath and West of England Society.

From

From Coldbrook, a beautiful drive through the same charming scenery conducts us to the pleasant town of

ABERGAVENNY;

Where the traveller will meet with an agreeable amusement in visiting the remains of its ancient CASTLE; and from the WALKS about it he will obtain delightful views of the surrounding country. Nor should he omit the CHURCH,—unquestionably the finest and most historical in Monmouthshire.

PLEASANT EXCURSIONS.

The Sugarloaf mountain.—The Blorens, and extensive Iron-works of the Blanavon company.
Mr. Jones's Walks, and Clytha Castle.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more charming than the continuance of the Tour to Brecknock. On leaving Abergavenny, the road may be deemed a grand pass between hills, whose vales are watered by the river Usk,—which continues a playful companion; and at

THE VILLAGE OF CRICK-HOWEL,

a distance of 6 miles, he may pass some hours in the contemplation of the diversified objects that every where arrest his attention.

☞ Mr. The. Jones, of Brecon, having publiſhed an "History of the County" he reſides in, I feel a pleasure in recommending his work to the traveller through that part of the kingdom, as calculated to convey the information ſo much to be deſired by every ſtranger of taſte and fortune. I wiſh I had better means of teſtifying my approbation of his labours.

FINIS.

NOV - 9 1931